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READINGS AND RECITATIONS
No. 49 — Washington Celebrations

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Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 49

Washington Celebrations

By STANLEY SCHELL



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Persons preparing School Exercises, Public Entertainments, Articles, Essays, Speeches, or Orations, pertaining to any Phase of WASHINGTON, Historical or Personal, will find much Help in the Material given in this Book, which is equally Valuable for Home Reading as it is for School or Public Use.

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WASHINGTON DAY BOOK.

ORIGIN OF THE CELEBRATION OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

WASHINGTON'S birthday was first celebrated February 22, 1800, pursuant to a joint resolution of Congress, passed December 30, 1799, recommending the people of the United States "to assemble on that day in such manner as should be convenient, to testify publicly by eulogies, orations or discourses, or by public prayers, their grief for the death of George Washington."

THEMES AND TEXTS APPROPRIATE TO WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

1. Suggesting Washington's Special Qualities.
   (*a*) The Unparalleled President.
   "There was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee." —I. Kings iii. 12.
   (*b*) His Wise Administration.
   "He by his wisdom delivered the city."—Eccles. ix. 15.
   (*c*) His Incorruptible Love for Liberty.
   "Then the men of Israel said unto Gideon, Rule thou over us, both thou and thy son and

thy son's son also; for thou hast delivered us from the hand of Midian. And Gideon said, I will not rule over you: the Lord shall rule over you."—Judges viii. 22 and 23.

(*d*) The General Reverence for his Character.

"And all Israel heard of the judgment which the king had judged; and they feared the king, for they saw that the wisdom of God was in him to do judgment.—I. Kings iii. 28.

2. A Good Ruler is the Blessing God Gives to a Righteous People.

"The same did God send to be a ruler and a deliverer."—Acts vii. 35.

"By the good hand of our God upon us they brought us a man of understanding."—Ezra viii. 18.

3. We Should Find our Washingtons and Make them our Leaders and Rulers.

"Look out a man discreet and wise, and set him over the land."—Gen. xli. 33.

THE STORY OF THE HATCHET.

MASON L. WEEMS.

WHEN George was about six years old, he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet, of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond, and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day, in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea-sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry-tree, which he barked so terribly that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the by, was a great favorite, came into the house and with much warmth asked for the mischievous

author, declaring at the same time that he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance.

"George," said his father, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?"

This was a tough question, and George staggered under it for a moment; but quickly recovered himself, and, looking at his father with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-triumphant truth, he bravely cried out, "I can't tell a lie, Pa, you know I can't tell a lie; I cut it with my hatchet."

"Run to my arms, you dearest boy," cried his father in transports, "run to my arms; glad am I, George, that you ever killed my tree, for you have paid me for it a thousandfold. Such an act of heroism in my son is more worth than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver and their fruits of fairest gold."

WAR AND WASHINGTON.

[Written in 1775 and sung during the Revolution.]

VAIN Britons, boast no longer with proud indignity,
By land your conquering legions, your matchless strength at sea,
Since we, your braver sons incensed, our swords have girded on,
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, for war and Washington!

Urged on by North and vengeance those valiant champions came,
Loud bellowing Tea and Treason, and George was all on flame,
Yet sacrilegious as it seems, we rebels still live on,
And laugh at all their empty puffs, huzza for Washington!

Still deaf to mild entreaties, still blind to England's good,
You have for dirty pieces betrayed your country's blood.
Like Esop's greedy cur you'll gain a shadow for your bone,
Yet find us fearful shades indeed, inspired by Washington.

Mysterious! unexampled! incomprehensible!
The blundering schemes of Britain their folly, pride, and zeal,
Like lions how ye growl and threat, mere asses have you shown,
And ye shall share an ass's fate, and drudge for Washington.

Your dark unfathomed councils our weakest heads defeat,
Our children rout your armies, our boats destroy your fleet,
And to complete the dire disgrace, cooped up within a town,
You live the scorn of all our host, the slaves of Washington!

Great Heaven! is this the nation whose thundering arms were hurled
Through Europe, Afric, India? whose navy ruled a world?
The lustre of your former deeds, whole ages of renown,
Lost in a moment, or transferred to us and Washington!

Yet think not thirst of glory unsheathes our vengeful swords
To rend your bands asunder, and cast away your cords.
'Tis heaven-born freedom fires us all, and strengthens each brave son,
From him who humbly guides the plow, to god-like Washington!

For this, oh, could our wishes your ancient rage inspire,
Your armies should be doubled, in numbers, force, and fire.
Then might the glorious conflict prove which best deserved the boon,
America or Albion, a George or Washington!

Fired with the great idea, our fathers' shades would rise,
To view the stern contention, the gods desert their skies;
And Wolfe, 'midst hosts of heroes, superior bending down,
Cry out with eager transport, God save great Washington!

Should George, too choice of Britons, to foreign realms apply,
And madly arm half Europe, yet still we would defy
Turk, Hessian, Jew, and infidel, or all those powers in one,
While Adams guides our senate, our camp great Washington!

Should warlike weapons fail us, disdaining slavish fears,
To swords we'll beat our ploughshares, our pruning-hooks to spears,
And rush, all desperate! on our foe, nor breathe till battle won,
Then shout, and shout America! and conquering Washington!

Proud France should view with terror, and haughty Spain revere,
While every warlike nation would court alliance here;
And George, his minions trembling round, dismounting from his throne
Pay homage to America and glorious Washington!

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON'S RECEPTIONS.

WILLIAM SULLIVAN.

[American Society in the Constitutional Period.]

WASHINGTON devoted one hour every other Tuesday, from three to four, to these visits. He understood himself to be visited as the President of the United States, and not on his own account. He was not to be seen by anybody and everybody; but required that

everyone who came should be introduced by his secretary, or by some gentleman he himself knew. He lived on the south side of Market Street, just below Sixth. The place of reception was the dining-room in the rear, twenty-five or thirty feet in length, including the bow projecting into the garden. Mrs. Washington received her visitors in the two rooms on the second floor, from front to rear.

At three o'clock, or at any time within a quarter of an hour afterward, the visitor was conducted to this dining-room, from which all seats had been removed for the time. On entering, he saw the tall, manly figure of Washington clad in black velvet; his hair in full dress, powdered and gathered behind in a large silk bag; yellow gloves on his hands, holding a cocked hat with cockade in it, and the edges adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He wore knee and shoe-buckles; and a long sword, with a finely-wrought and polished steel hilt, which appeared at the left hip; the coat worn over the sword, so that the hilt, and the part below the folds of the coat behind, were in view. The scabboard was white polished leather.

He stood always in front of the fire-place, with his face toward the door of entrance. The visitor was conducted to him and he required to have the name so distinctly pronounced, that he could hear it. He had the very uncommon faculty of associating a man's name and personal appearance so durably in his memory, as to be able to call any one by name, who made him a second visit. He received his visitor with a dignified bow, while his hands were so disposed of as to indicate that the salutation was not to be accompanied with shaking hands. This ceremony never occurred in these visits, even with his most near friends, that no distinction might be made.

As visitors came in, they formed a circle around the room. At a quarter past three, the door was closed, and the circle was formed for that day. He then began on the right and spoke to each visitor, calling him by name and exchanging a few words with him. When he had completed his circuit, he resumed his first position, and the vis-

itors approached him in succession, bowed and retired. By four o'clock this ceremony was over.

On the evenings when Mrs. Washington received visitors, he did not consider himself as visited. He was then as a private gentleman, dressed usually in some colored coat and waistcoat (the only one recollected was brown, with bright buttons), and black on his lower limbs. He had then neither hat nor sword; he moved about among the company, conversing with one and another. He had once a fortnight an official dinner and select companies on other days. He sat (it is said) at the side, in a central position, Mrs. Washington opposite; the two ends were occupied by members of his family, or by personal friends.

WASHINGTON ON HIS APPOINTMENT AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

[Delivered in Congress, June 16, 1775.]

MR. PRESIDENT: Though I am truly sensible of the high honor done me in this appointment, yet I feel great distress, from a consciousness that my abilities and military experience may not be equal to the extensive and important trust. However, as the Congress desire it, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service, and for the support of the glorious cause. I beg they will accept my cordial thanks for this distinguished testimony of their approbation.

But, lest some unlucky event should happen, unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I, this day, declare with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with.

As to pay, sir, I beg leave to assure the Congress, that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any

profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge, and that is all I desire.

THE GREAT IMMORTAL WASHINGTON.

W. S. HYDE.

FRIENDS of this glorious band
And of that noble land
Who so valorously arose
To fight and conquer freedom's foes,
I greet you on this honored day.
The spirit of those heroes brave
Is with us here to-night,
And though slumbering in their grave
Their memory lives to light
A nation great on glory's path,
And stem the tide of human wrath.
This day we meet,
Each friend to greet;
While recollections to us come,
They're of that leader whose great name
Stands high within the niche of fame,
The great immortal Washington.

More than a hundred years ago
This youthful nation was with pride aglow,
Spirit of Freedom filled the patriot soul,
And bursts of joy all o'er the nation stole;
The clouds of war, which o'er the country spread,
Filling brave hearts with manly fear and dread,
Had vanished and Freedom's beauteous sky
Changed darkest gloom to sweet and welcome joy.
The din of battle and the cannon's roar
Had ceased their terror into souls to pour.

The foe, who fought a nation's hopes to blast,
Defeated were driven from our shores at last,
Freedom gained sway and Liberty was king,
And a new era did at last begin.

O glorious sight to see on bended knee
Him whose wisdom made this country free;
That valiant leader, who from battle came
To prove his love, and base ambition shame,
By laying down his tried and trusty blade,
Which paved the way and for us freedom made—
Bowed his head and in deep and fervent tone,
Asked a blessing from God's holy throne;
Prayed that he might with strength and wisdom guide
The Ship of State just floated on the tide.
How well he steered that new-made craft we know—
History no record like his can show—
Well can we say his work was nobly done,
Well may we praise the deeds of Washington.

This day we should on high our voices raise
To honor him, the leader of that band,
Whose valorous deeds won freedom for this land.
O Washington! The spirit lives to-day
Enthroned in hearts that for thee pray;
Grateful for blessing which thy wisdom won,
The dearest blessing to-day beneath the sun,
The great lessons by the patriots taught,
The glorious victories by their valor won,
Were all because for Freedom blest they fought
Trained and guided by the great Washington.

Friends of Liberty, now assembled here,
Who hold the honor of this country dear,
Pledge anew upon this honored day
That Freedom ne'er shall from this country stray;
That you'll protect the prize the patriot won,
The prize willed to us by Washington.

Swear by the faith that nerved the patriot's arm
That you will shield the land from every harm;
That you will man the precious Ship of State,
And keep her sailing in her course so great.
For all our blessings we should reverence pay
To him who opened to us Freedom's way,
That noble soul whose generous words still live,
To shame the bigot and strength to true men give.

In war a leader fearless, bold and brave;
In peace a ruler whose example gave
To the world lessons with wisdom fraught,
Proving that 'twas for Freedom alone he fought;
No vain glory in his bosom dwelt,
Not but love and friendship for the world he felt;
And when the mantle of power upon him fell,
Bowed in submission and bore his honors well,
Left a proud heritage which this day we prize
As the most vaulted 'neath heaven's bright skies.

O Washington! thy memory ever green,
Thy name will live though nations pass away;
Kingdoms will crumble from earth's busy scene,
And empires sink forever to decay;—
But thy great work not built by man alone
Will stand the test of ages yet unknown;
Thy fame will live for ages yet to come,
As will the honors which thy valor won.
O may thy spirit guide us from on high,
Protect our bark when dangers hover nigh;

May those who guide us and our Ship of State,
Prove ever worthy of a trust so great.
Freedom was won by hearts brave and true and pure,
And planted here forever to endure;
Praise of this nation heard this world o'er,
Its greatness wafted from sea to shore.
We'll guard thy sacred gift Oh noble son!
We'll praise thy victories thy valor won;

And when again this glorious day has come,
People will greet as now the name of Washington.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY EVER HONORED.

GEORGE HOWLAND.

[May be sung to tune "America."]

WELCOME, thou festal morn!
Never be passed in scorn
Thy rising sun,
Thou day forever bright
With Freedom's holy light,
That gave the world the sight
Of Washington.

Unshaken 'mid the storm,
Behold that noble form—
That peerless one—
With his protecting hand,
Like Freedom's angel stand,
The guardian of our land,
Our Washington.

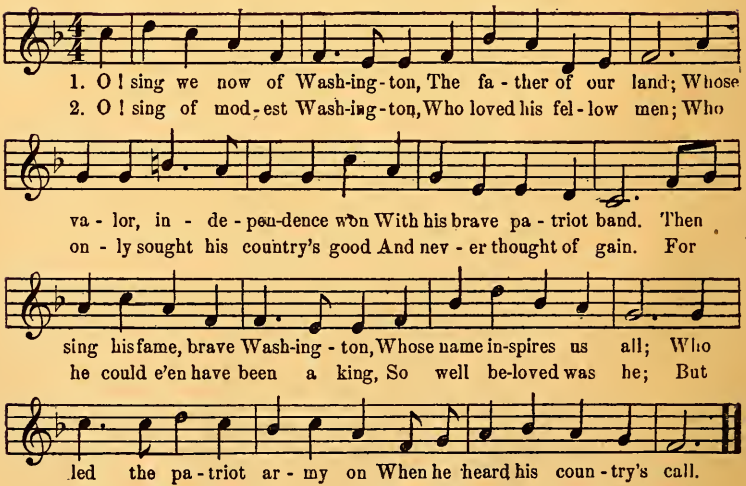
Traced there in lines of light
Where all pure rays unite,
Obscured by none;
Brightest on history's page,
Of any clime or age,
As chieftain, man and sage,
Stands Washington.

Name at which tyrants pale,
And their proud legions quail,
Their boasting done,
While Freedom lifts her head
No longer filled with dread,
Her sons to victory led
By Washington.

Now the true patriots see,
The foremost of the free,
The victory won,
In Freedom's presence bow,
While sweetly smiling now
She wreathes the spotless brow
Of Washington.

Then, with each coming year,
Wherever shall appear
That natal sun,
Will we attest the worth
Of one true man to earth,
And celebrate the birth
Of Washington.

THE FATHER OF OUR LAND.



WASHINGTON.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

SOUND, sound the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill, with godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace.

Behold the chief, who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty!

OUR WASHINGTON.

HIGH, high inscribed upon the scroll of fame,
Indelible, there stands a spotless name
In characters of gold—by none outshone—
The patriot, warrior, statesman, Washington!

In Freedom's cause he bravely drew his sword;
With wisdom did he shape his every word;
Campaigns he planned with daring strategy;
Battles he fought, and won a glorious victory!

Then sheathed his sword with matchless, modest grace,
And gladly in his quiet home sought peace;
Nor from that lovely rural shade came forth
Till called the Ship of State to guide. His worth
To liberty is recognized by all
To-day, where sounds fair Freedom's trumpet call.

Time's onsweep never will the luster dim
Of his well-won, unsought, unsullied fame;
The millions of this happy land well may
With joy observe our Washington's birthday.

WASHINGTON'S LIFE.

ELIZA COOK.

ONLY a baby, fair and small,
Like many another baby son,
Whose smiles and tears came swift at call;
Who ate, and slept, and grew, that's all,—
The infant Washington.

Only a boy, like other boys;
With tasks and studies, sports and fun;
Fond of his books and games and toys;
Living his childish griefs and joys,—
The little Washington.

Only a lad, awkward and shy,
Skilled in handling a horse or gun;
Mastering knowledge that, by and by,
Should aid him in duties great and high,—
The youthful Washington.

Only a man of finest bent,
Hero of battles fought and won;
Surveyor, general, president,
Who served his country, and died content,—
The patriot Washington.

Only—ah! what was the secret, then,
Of his being America's honored son?
Why was he famed above other men,
His name upon every tongue and pen,
The illustrious Washington?

A mighty brain, a will to endure,
Passions subdued, a slave to none,
A heart that was brave and strong and sure,
A soul that was noble and great and pure,
A faith in God that was held secure,—
This was George Washington.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY broad Potomac's silent shore,
Better than Trajan lowly lies,
Gilding her green declivities
With glory now and evermore;
Art to his fame no aid hath lent;
His country is his monument.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

I SAW him standing in the crowd,
A comely youth and fair;
There was a brightness in his eye,
A glory in his hair.
I saw his comrades gaze on him—
His comrades standing by;
I heard them whisper each to each,
"He never told a lie!"

I thought of questions very hard
For boys to answer right:
"How did you tear those pantaloons?"
"My son, what caused the fight?"

"Who left the gate ajar last night?"
"Who bit the pumpkin pie?"
What boy could answer all of these
And never tell a lie?

I proudly took him by the hand,
My words with praise were rife;
I blessed that boy who never told
A falsehood in his life.
I told him I was proud of him.
A fellow standing by
Informed me that that boy was dumb
Who never told a lie!

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[Recitation for five small boys. Each boy holds in his right hand a card with date, lifting it high during his recitation.]

1732.

First boy.— Yes, seventeen hundred thirty-two,—
That is the date which I hold here,
And Washington, the great, was born
In February of that year.

1775.

Second boy.—He swept the land of lord and king,
Before his sword the foeman fled.
The time was seventeen hundred seventy-five
When he stepped to our army's head.

1783.

Third boy.— In seventeen hundred eighty-three
He saw the strife, the battles done,
A nation born, a land made free,
A country from the tyrant won.

1789.

Fourth boy.—"Be President!" the people cried;
So first in presidential line
He served our land with love and zeal,
In seventeen hundred eighty-nine.

1799.

Fifth boy.— In seventeen hundred ninety-nine
Low lay his well-loved head,
While mournful bells and flags half-mast
Told Washington was dead.

All.— O "first in war and first in peace,"
Our Washington, the true, the brave,
We'll ever keep thy mem'ry green,
And ever guard thy honored grave.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

PALE is the February sky,
And brief the midday's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the Summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or Autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
Brings, in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!
By snow-clad fell and frozen field
Broadening the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space,
And rends the oak with sudden force,
Can raise no ripple on his face,
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus 'mid the wreck of thrones shall live
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame;
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

A MODERN WASHINGTON.

JOE. LINCOLN.

T'OTHER day our teacher read
From a hist'ry book that told
'Bout George Washin'ton, and said
He wuz always gooder'n gold.
Didn't act like boys now does,
And he never told a lie;
Never said a thing but wuz
Honest Injun, hope to die;
And we fellers wished that we
Wuz as good's he uster be.

Teacher read us 'bout that ax
That his father gave him, and
How George, he skips out and hacks
Down a tree to beat the band;
And his pa wuz wild, you know,
'Cause 'twuz a expensive tree,
But George couldn't lie, and so
He just sez: "Yes, pa, 'twuz me"—

And his pa, he almos' cried,
He's so glad George hadn't lied.

Well, last night I wanted some
  Marmalade down off the shelf
In the pantry—it wuz plum—
  And I thought I'd help myself.
Then—'twuz just my mean, old luck—
  Hit a jar I hadn't seen,
Down it went, and, course, it struck
  Right on top the soup tureen.
Goodness sakes! Don't say a word!
Worsest smash you ever heard.

Well, I just skipped out of that—
  Heard pa comin' on the run—
Might a-laid it on the cat,
  But I thought of Washin'ton,
And I says: "Now, I won't shirk;"
  So, when pa had seen the mess,
And says: "Sam, is this your work?"
  Just like George, I answers: "Yes."
Golly! what fixed him all right
Never worked for me a mite.

What's the use of tellin' more!
  If your ear had just been pressed
Up against our woodshed door
  You'd a-found out all the rest.
George's pa said, right away:
  "To my arms, my noble boy!"
I went on pa's knee, and say!
  'Twuzn't nuthin' to enjoy.
Boys that's Washin'tons, gee whiz!
Need to have a pa like his.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

ALL honor to that day which long ago
Gave birth to him who Freedom's cause espoused;
Who, by his ardor in the sacred fight,
The fire and strength of patriots aroused;
Who knew no master, save that One divine
Whose strength was his, who knew no fear, save one—
The fear of doing wrong! All hail the day
That gave to Freedom's cause George Washington.

Years come and go, and generations fall
Into the dust. The world its heroes gives.
They step upon the stage, then pass away
And are no more, but Freedom ever lives.
And while it lives, and while its banner bright
Is upward flung into the golden sun,
Within the heart of every freeman's child
Will live that honored name, George Washington.

Then honor to the day that gave him birth,
For it is also Freedom's natal day.
Let all who worship Freedom's cause stand forth
And to his memory their homage pay.
And let each loyal son the work take up—
For, know ye, Freedom's work is never done—
And greater, grander, build the edifice
Begun so long ago by Washington.

WASHINGTON.

WHEN General Washington was young,
About as large as I,
He never would permit his tongue
To tell a wilful lie.

Once, when he cut his father's tree,
He owned it to his face,
And then his father tenderly
Clasped him in his embrace.

He told his son it pleased him more
For him to own the truth,
Than if his tree was bending o'er
With gold and silver fruit.

Then, like this brave and noble boy,
Whose virtues brightly shone,
If I my father's tree destroy,
The truth I'll surely own.

WASHINGTON.

THOMAS M. MENIHAN.

NO heroes of the ancient time
With Washington compare,
No statesman of the days of yore
Displayed such wisdom rare.

Leonidas was brave, we're told,
And did great glory gain;
Who fought at famed Thermopylæ,
Where despot hosts were slain.

Examp'es shown in ancient Rome
Of valor and renown,
As when Horatio kept the bridge
And nobly saved the town.

The story of proud Regulus
Our souls must ever thrill,
Whose love of Rome and freedom's charms
Fierce tortures could not kill.

Of William Tell may all speak well,
Who manfully withstood
The haughty tyrant's harsh command
Who would have shed his blood.

Yet none of these so great and good
Can equal merit claim
With him we honor on this day
In bright and spotless fame.

That fame so bright shall know no blight,
Though others pale with time,
For deeds like his will e'er be sung
With joy in every clime.

May this great land of ours be true
To what he said and taught,
And keep his words in memory fresh
With rarest wisdom fraught.

To patriots all his honored name
An heirloom has become—
A beacon light to all who seek
True freedom's peaceful home.

A star of hope in peace and war
Will be our Washington,
To those who guide the Ship of State
With favoring gales to run.

The fields of glory where he led
Proclaim aloud his praise,
And make his name a talisman
Unto remotest days.

The natal day of Washington
Must e're to patriots be
A course of hope and courage too,
In every land and sea.

The friends of freedom everywhere,
In this broad land we tread,
Agree to honor Washington—
His fame still wider spread.

At each recurrence of the day,
With joy we'll celebrate
The praises of our foremost man,
Our chieftain, wise and great.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

HAVE you seen, by Potomac, that shaft in the skies,
Soaring proud from the meadows to mate with the sun,
Now misty and gray as the clouds it defies,
Now bright in the splendor its daring has won?
The winds are its comrades, the lightning, the storm,
The first flush of dawn on its summit shines fair,
And the last ray of sunset illumines its form,
Towering grand and alone in the limitless air.

By Nile rise the pyramids, wrapped in the shades
Of ages that passed as the waves on the shore,
And Karnak majestic, whose vast colonnades
A god might have fashioned for man to adore;
And Baalbek uplifts, like a vision divine,
Its wonder of beauty by Lebanon's wall;
But captive and slave reared in sorrow the shrine,
The palace; the temple, the pyramid tall.

To freedom Potomac's proud obelisk towers,
And Karnak and Baalbek in beauty outvies!
For Washington's glory its grandeur empowers,
And freemen with joy piled its stones to the skies.

O symbol of liberty, matchless, sublime,
Still soar from the meadows to mate with the sun,
And see thy republic, to uttermost time,
The noble, the peerless, the many in one!

WASHINGTON.

[Epigrams for five boys or girls. Inscriptions on Washington's tomb at Mt. Vernon, Va.]

First boy.—"The brave, the wise, the good."

Second boy.—"Supreme in war, in council, and in peace."

Third boy.—"Valiant without ambition, discreet without fear, confident without presumption."

Fourth boy.—"In disaster calm, in success moderate, in all, himself."

Fifth boy.—"The patriot, the Christian; the Father of nations, the friend of mankind, who, when he had won all, renounced all; and sought in the bosom of his family and of nature retirement; and in the hope of religion immortality."

WASHINGTON'S ADMINISTRATION.

[Blackboard outline for pupils.]

Whiskey Rebellion.
Algerian Treaty.
Spanish Treaty.
Hamilton, Secretary of Treasury.
Indian Troubles.
National Debt.
Genet Recalled.
The Bank and Mint.
Opposition to Jay's Treaty.
Now Washington Retires.

[Teacher's outline.]

When the "Whiskey Rebellion" occurred in 1794, fifteen thousand militia were ordered out to subdue it.

Algiers concluded a treaty with the United States by which our captives were released and the Mediterranean commerce was opened to our ships.

Spain entered into a treaty which secured to the United States the free navigation of the Mississippi, and fixed the boundary of Florida.

Hamilton was "Secretary of the Treasury" at this time. Webster said of him, "He touched the dead corpse of public credit, and it sprang upon its feet."

Indians from the Northwest were subdued by "Mad Anthony Wayne." They gave up all of Ohio and part of Indiana.

Now taxes were levied on imported goods and the distillation of spirits to provide funds for paying national debt.

Genet, the French Minister, was recalled because he showed too much sympathy for the French, when war broke out between England and France.

The national bank and mint were established at Philadelphia. These measures put the credit of the United States on a firm basis.

Opposition was violent when the treaty that Chief Justice Jay negotiated with England was ratified by the Senate.

Now Washington, having finished two terms, declined a third term, and issued his farewell address.

I am not less sure that General Washington would have spurned a sceptre, if within his grasp, than I am that it was out of his reach if he had secretly sighed for it.—*James Madison.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S LIFE.

HALE HOWARD RICHARDSON.

[Suitable for boys or girls.]

First pupil.— His childish life was pure and bright,
Truth always was his guide,
And youthful days
And manhood's ways
Had for him this world's greatest praise,
True honor sanctified.

Second pupil.— He played as little children play,
With toys and picture-books,
Found flowers and berries in the wood,
Fished in the laughing brooks.

Third pupil.— He found his lessons just as hard
As you and I do now,
And loved the scanty holidays
His teacher would allow.

Fourth pupil.— His schooldays o'er, he worked and toiled
In the wild Virginia land,
And many a hardship he endured,
As chart and map he planned.

Fifth pupil.— A soldier in the patriot ranks,
With heart and hand he fought,
Resisting tyranny and wrong—
Justice was all he sought.

Sixth pupil.— Such honest worth and valor grand
Alike won friend and foe;
His life achieved the truest fame
This world may ever know.

Seventh pupil.—A rank outrivaling prince and king,
And now his monument
Attracts the eyes of all the world—
This prospering continent!

All.— As every year his birthday comes,
Let us not be content
To praise his name,
But let us aim
That we such loyal hearts shall frame
As our first president.

WASHINGTON'S RULES OF BEHAVIOR.

[Written when thirteen years old.]

WHEN you speak of God or His attributes let it be seriously, in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents although they be poor.

In your apparel be modest and endeavor to accommodate nature rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to time and place.

Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promises.

Be not tedious in discourse; make not many digressions nor repeat often the same manner of discourse.

Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

Be not apt to relate news if you know not the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discover not.

Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

Sleep not when others speak; sit not when others stand; speak not when you should hold your peace; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.

Read no letters, books or papers in company, but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave.

Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.

Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

Be not obstinate in your opinions; in things indifferent, be of the major side.

Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear and answer; and be not pensive when it is time to converse.

Utter not base and frivolous things among grave and learned men, nor very difficult questions nor subjects among the ignorant, nor things hard to be believed.

Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he be your enemy.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire—conscience.

Welcome to the day returning,
Dearer still as ages flow,
While the torch of faith is burning,
Long as Freedom's altars glow!—*O. W. Holmes.*

JUST LIKE WASHINGTON.

IF there was only a war,
I'd have a gun,
Just like the great General
Washington.
Soon over my shoulder
I'd sling it—so—
And then to the contest
Bravely I'd go.

If there was only a war
I'd strive to be
The greatest defender
Of liberty.
I'd follow the steps
Of Washington,
And fight and conquer
Ev-er-y one.

Then, too, if I'm good,
Ev-er-y day,
Shall I not be a hero
In a smaller way?
It's harder to do right
From day to day,
Than to carry a musket
In a fray.

I'll be a peace hero—
That I will;
I'll study my lessons
And—keep very still
When my work is done;—
And then I'll be
Just like the great hero,
Washington.

WASHINGTON.

D. H. BOLLES.

TRANSCENDENT man! His mortal part
Has long since passed our ken,
Yet face and form, by painter's art,
Are made to live again.

What majesty imbued that form!
What grandeur marked that brow!
Sure nature never did perform
Her noblest work till now.

She lent to it her utmost skill,
Her touch, firm, but elastic,
And, as her crowning act of will,
She used her choicest plastic.

The people leaned on his great arm;
He bade the nation live.
He was their rock in war's alarm,
Their safe alternative.

He moved through scenes of waste and war,
Pitying yet serene;
Heart wrung was he, but yet needs wore
A firm and steadfast mein.

When peace ensued, the wasted land
Involved e'en greater care;
Th' appalling task made stern demand
For all his wisdom rare.

This nation is an object proof
Of what the man has done;
Of what he was it is enough
To name it, "Washington."

Oh, grandest life, sublimest soul!
Oh, proudest mortal name!
Through coming time, as ages roll
They carry down thy fame.

THE BIRTHDAY LESSON.

MARY LIVINGSTON BURDICK.

TO-DAY'S a holiday, you know,
And so we children, just for fun,
Said we would dress like old-time folks,
And I'd be Martha Washington.

We searched through all the garret's chests
And found, among forgotten hoards,
The stiffest silks, and old brocades,
And ruffled caps, and tarnished swords.

And when at last we all were dressed,
We went to my great-grandma's room.
She smiled and colored with delight,
Until her cheeks were all in bloom.

But somehow, her blue eyes grew grave
As each girl told her chosen name,
And finally she gently said,
"It is a very pretty game.

"Yet take care, children, that you wear,
Not only clothes of ancient days,
But manners of those gracious dames,
Who won all by their gentle ways.

"The brow beneath your powdered hair
Is very fair, my great grand-child;
So keep your thoughts; and let your eyes
Reflect a heart both true and mild.

"This hand which holds a painted fan
Must work, that tired hands may rest;
Since Martha Washington, you know,
Could spin and weave at want's request.

"The feet where buckled slippers shine
May some day tread a thorny road.
Hold fast the pictures of brave lives,
And never falter with the load."

Then dear great-grandma blessed us all,
And down the hall our steps we turned.
It is a holiday, it's true,
But every girl her lesson learned.

HINTS FOR OBSERVING WASHINGTON'S BIRHTDAY.

[In order that the annual exercises in connection with Washington's birthday might result in a wider knowledge of his life and a fuller appreciation of his character, the board of supervisors, Boston, offered to the teachers the following suggestions for specializing the work according to the age and attainments of the pupils:—]

Grades One to Three.—In the primary schools the aim should be to make the children familiar with the name of Washington, and, in a general way, with his character and public service.

Grade Four.—Washington as a boy; home, parents, home life, sports; kind of boy he was; Lawrence Washington.

Grade Five.—Washington at school; kind of school, studies, exercise books, surveying; rules of conduct.

Grade Six.—Washington as a surveyor; recall his boyhood; his friends the Fairfaxes; employment as surveyor; his preparation for it; life in the woods; life at Belvoir; quality of his work; character exhibited.

Grade Seven.—Washington in the French War; recall earlier life; first military office; mission to the Ohio; first

campaign, Fort Necessity; Braddock campaign; character exhibited.

Grade Eight.—Washington in the Revolution; recall earlier life; appointment as commander; acceptance of office; personal sacrifice involved; previous preparation for; taking command; his work at Boston; at Trenton and Princeton; at Valley Forge; his resignation; character exhibited.

Grade Nine.—Washington as president; recall earlier life; election to presidency; personal sacrifice; preparation for civil and military life; most important events; visit to Boston; the farewell address; character exhibited.

Review of life, noticing especially the preparation afforded by each new work for the next, and the qualities of character exhibited in each.

In the lower grades the material would best be gathered by the teacher and presented to the class. Interesting descriptive passages should be read to them.

In the upper grades pupils should be referred to the best sources of information, and should be expected to gather material for themselves.

In all grammar grades maps should be freely used, and compositions should accompany all the work. Many of the Rules of Conduct [see page 35] early copied by Washington, could be profitably memorized by the pupils and all the higher classes should learn the last maxim, "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire—conscience."

Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned his crown and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might almost be said to have created.—*Charles Phillips.*

WASHINGTON'S LIFE.

M. ALICE BRYANT.

[Recitation for five small pupils. Let each pupil hold in right hand a card with date, lifting it high during recitation.]

1732.

First pupil.— In seventeen hundred thirty-two
George Washington was born;
Truth, goodness, skill, and glory high
His whole life did adorn.

1775.

Second pupil.—In seventeen hundred seventy-five
The chief command he took
Of all the army in the State,
Who ne'er his flag forsook.

1783.

Third pupil.— In seventeen hundred eighty-three
Retired to private life;
He saw his much-loved country free
From battle and from strife.

1789.

Fourth pupil.—In seventeen hundred eighty-nine
The country, with one voice,
Proclaimed him President, to shine,
Blessed by the people's choice.

1799.

Fifth pupil.— In seventeen hundred ninety-nine
The nation's tears were shed,
To see the patriot life resign,
And sleep among the dead.

All.— As "first in war, and first in peace,"
As patriot, father, friend,—
He will be blessed till time shall cease,
And earthly life shall end.

"I'M THE LITTLE RED STAMP."

SAM WALTER FOSS.

[The pupil who recites this may have a large postage stamp drawn with the right colors on minila paper, to hold before the audience during last stanza.]

I'M the little red stamp with George Washington's picture;
I have the right of way;
And the mail train thunders from under the stars
And rattles into the day.
Now clear the rail for your Uncle Sam's mail;
Ye freight trains stand aside!
Spur your iron-lunged horse to his fullest speed,
For the little red stamp would ride.
So vomit your flame on the startled night
And your smoke in the face of the day;
For the little red stamp with George Washington's picture
Must have the right of way.

The engine ploughs, when I start on my ride,
Through the drifted banks of snow;
But we hasten to climes where the rivers melt
And climes where the roses blow.
First the pines of Maine, then the Kansan plain,
Then whiffs from the Western Bay,
Till I drop in the hands that have reached for me
A thousand leagues away.
Pull open the throttle and loose every brake,
And dash through the night and the day;
For the little red stamp with George Washington's picture
Must have the right of way.

I'm the little red stamp with George Washington's picture,
And I go wherever I may,
To any spot in George Washington's land;
And I go by the shortest way.
And the guns of wrath would clear my path,
A thousand guns at need,
Of the hands that should dare to block my course
Or slacken my onward speed.
Stand back! Hands off of Uncle Sam's mail!
Stand back there! Back! I say;
For the little red stamp with George Washington's picture
Must have the right of way.

TROUBLES OF THE FIRST ADMINISTRATION.

JOHN MARSHALL.

THROUGHOUT the United States, the party opposed to the Constitution had charged its supporters with the desire to establish a monarchy on the ruins of republican government; and the Constitution itself was alleged to contain principles which would prove the truth of this charge. The leaders of that party had, therefore, been ready from the instant the government came into operation to discover, in all its measures, those monarchical tendencies which they had perceived in the instrument they had opposed.

The salaries allowed to public officers, though so low as not to afford a decent maintenance to those who resided at the seat of government, were declared to be so enormously high as clearly to manifest a total disregard of that simplicity and economy which were the characteristic of republics. The levees of the President, and the evening parties of Mrs. Washington, were said to be imitations of regal institutions, designed to accustom the American peo-

ple to the pomp and manners of European courts. The Vice-President, too, was said to keep up the state and dignity of a monarch, and to illustrate, by his conduct, the principles which were inculcated in his political works.

The Indian War, they alleged, was misconducted, and unnecessarily prolonged for the purpose of expending the public money, and of affording a pretext for augmenting the military establishment, and increasing the revenue. All this prodigal waste of the money of the people was designed to keep up the national debt, and the influence it gave the government which, united with standing armies, and immense revenues, would enable their rulers to rivet the chains which they were secretly forging. Every prediction, which had been uttered respecting the anti-republican principles of the government, was said to be rapidly verifying, and that which was disbelieved as prophecy, was daily becoming history. If a remedy for these ills was not found in the increased representation of the people which would take place at the ensuing elections, they would become too monstrous to be borne; and when it was recollected that the division of opinion was marked by a geographical line, there was reason to fear that the Union would be broken into one or more confederacies.

The irritable symptoms had assumed appearances of increased malignity during the session of Congress which had just terminated; and, to the President, who firmly believed that the Union and the liberty of the States depended on the preservation of the government, they were the more unpleasant and the more alarming, because they were displayed in full force in his cabinet.

Between the secretaries of the State and Treasury departments a disagreement existed, which seems to have originated in an early stage of the administration, and to have acquired a regular accession of strength from circumstances which were perpetually occurring, until it grew into open and irreconcilable hostility. Without tracing this disagreement to those motives, which, in elective governments especially, often produce enmities between dis-

tinguished personages, neither of whom acknowledges the superiority of the other, such radical differences of opinion, on points which would essentially influence the course of the government, were supposed to exist between the secretaries, as, in a great measure, to account for this unextinguishable enmity. These differences of opinion were perhaps to be ascribed in some measure to a difference in the original structure of their minds, and, in some measure, to the differences of the situations in which they had been placed.

Until near the close of the war, Mr. Hamilton had served his country in the field; and, just before its termination, had passed from the camp into Congress, where he remained for some time after peace had been established. In the former station, the danger to which the independence of his country was exposed from the imbecility of its government was perpetually before his eyes; and, in the latter, his attention was forcibly directed toward the loss of its reputation, and the sacrifice of its best interests, which were to be ascribed to the same cause. Mr. Hamilton, therefore, was the friend of a government which should possess, in itself, sufficient powers and resources to maintain the character, and defend the integrity of the nation. Having long felt and witnessed the mischiefs produced by the absolute sovereignty of the States, and by the control by which they were enabled and disposed separately to exercise over every measure of great concern, he was particularly apprehensive of danger from that quarter; which he, probably, believed was to be the more dreaded, because the habits and feelings of the American people were calculated to inspire State, rather than national prepossessions. Under the influence of these impressions, he is understood to have avowed opinions in the convention favorable to a system in which the executive and the senate, though elective, were to be rather more permanent than they were rendered in that which was actually proposed. He afterward supported the Constitution, as framed, with great ability, and contributed essentially

to its adoption. But he still retained, and openly avowed the opinion, that the greatest hazards to which it was exposed arose from its weakness, and that American liberty and happiness had much more to fear from the encroachments of the great States than from those of the general government.

Mr. Jefferson had retired from Congress before the depreciation of the currency had produced an entire dependence of the general on the local governments; after which he filled the highest offices in the State of which he was a citizen. About the close of the war he was reelected to Congress; but was soon afterward employed on a mission to the court of Versailles, where he remained, while the people of France were taking the first steps of that immense revolution which astonished and agitated two quarters of the world. In common with all his countrymen, he felt a strong interest in favor of the reformers; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that, while residing at that court, and associating with those who meditated some of the great events which have since taken place, his mind might be warned with the abuses of the monarchy which were perpetually in his view, and he might be led to the opinion that liberty could sustain no danger but from the executive power. Mr. Jefferson, therefore, seems to have entertained no apprehensions from the debility of the government; no jealousy of the State sovereignties; and no suspicion of their encroachments. His fears took a different direction, and all his precautions were used to check and limit the exercise of the powers vested in the government of the United States. Neither could he perceive danger to liberty except from that government, and especially from the executive department. He did not feel so sensibly, as those who had continued in the United States, the necessity of adopting the Constitution; and had, at one time, avowed a wish that it might be rejected by such a number of States as would secure certain alterations which he thought essential. His principal objections seem to have been the want of a bill of rights and the re-

eligibility of the President. From this opinion, however, in favor of a partial rejection, he is understood to have receded, after seeing the plan pursued by the convention of Massachusetts, and followed by other States; which was to adopt unconditionally, and to annex a recommendation of the amendments which were desired.

WASHINGTON.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

[For crowning a picture or bust of Washington on February 22, with evergreens]

ARISE—'tis the day of our Washington's glory,
The garlands uplift for our liberties won,
And sing in your gladness his echoing story,
Whose sword swept for freedom the fields of the sun.
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the banners of stars that the continent span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
Who lifted his sword for the birthright of man!

He gave us a nation, to make it immortal
He laid down for Freedom the sword that he drew,
And his shade leads on to the radiant portal
Of the glory of peace and the destinies new.
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the flags that the nations of liberty span,
Crown, crown him the chief of the heroes eternal,
Who laid down his sword for the birthright of man!

Lead, Face of the Future, serene in thy beauty,
Till o'er the dead heroes the Peace-star shall gleam,
Till Right shall be Might in the counsels of duty
And the service of man be life's glory supreme.

Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the flags that the nations in brotherhood span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
Whose honor was gained by the service of man!

O Spirit of Liberty! sweet are thy numbers!
The winds to thy banners their tribute shall bring
While rolls the Potomac where Washington slumbers
And his natal day comes with the angels of spring.
We follow thy counsels,
O hero eternal,
To highest achievements the school leads the van,
And, crowning thy brow with the evergreens vernal,
We offer our all to the service of man.

WASHINGTON'S COMMISSION AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

[1775]

IN CONGRESS.

THE delegates of the United Colonies of New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New Castle, Kent and Sussex on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina,

To **George Washington,** Esquire:—

We, reposing especial trust and confidence in your patriotism, conduct and fidelity, do by these presents constitute and appoint you to be **General and Commander-in-Chief** of the Army of the United Colonies and of all the forces raised or to be raised by them and of all others who shall voluntarily offer their service and join the said

army for the defence of American Liberty and for repelling every hostile invasion thereof.

And you are hereby vested with full power and authority to act as you shall think for the good and welfare of the service.

And we do hereby strictly charge and require all officers and soldiers under your command to be obedient to your orders and diligent in the exercise of their several duties.

And we do also enjoin and require you to be careful in executing the great trust reposed in you, by causing strict discipline and order to be observed in the army, and that the soldiers are duly exercised and provided with all convenient necessaries.

And you are to regulate your conduct in every respect by the rules and discipline of war (as herewith given you), and punctually to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time as you shall receive from this or a future Congress of the said United Colonies or a committee of Congress for that purpose appointed.

This Commission to continue in force until revoked by this or a future Congress.

By order of the Congress.

JOHN HANCOCK, *President.*

Dated, Philadelphia, June 19, 1775.

Attest, CHAS. THOMSON, *Sur.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

[A colored poet. Written February 26, 1776.]

CELESTIAL choir! Enthron'd in realms of light,
Columbia's scenes of glorious toils I write.
While Freedom's cause her anxious breast alarms
She flashes dreadful in refulgent arms.

See Mother Earth her offspring's fate bemoan,
And nations gaze at scenes before unknown!
See the bright beams of heaven's revolving light
Involved in sorrows and the veil of night!
The goddess comes, she moves divinely fair,
Olive and laurel binds her golden hair:
Wherever shines this native of the skies,
Unnumber'd charms and recent graces rise.
Muse! bow propitious while my pen relates
How pour her armies through a thousand gates;
As when Eolus heaven's fair face deforms,
Enwrapp'd in tempest and a night of storms;
Astonish'd ocean feels the wild uproar,
The refluent surges beat the sounding shore;
Or thick as leaves in autumn's golden reign,
Such, and so many, move the warrior's train.
In bright array they seek the work of war,
Where high unfurl'd the ensign waves in air.
Shall I to Washington their praise recite?
Enough thou knows't them in the field of fight,
Thee first in place and honors,—we demand
The grace and glory of thy martial land.
Fam'd for thy valor, for thy virtues more,
Hear every tongue thy guardian aid implore!
One century scarce performed its destin'd round,
When Gallic powers Columbia's fury found;
And so may you, whoever dares disgrace
The land of Freedom's heaven-defended race!
Fix'd are the eyes of nations on the scales,
For in their hopes Columbia's arm prevails.
Anon Britannia droops the pensive head,
While round increase the rising hills of dead.
Ah! cruel blindness to Columbia's state!
Lament thy thirst of boundless power too late.
Proceed, great chief, with virtue on thy side,
Thy ev'ry action let the goddess guide.
A crown, a mansion, and a throne that shine
With gold unfading, Washington! be thine.

MY HATCHET.

ONCE I had a little hatchet
That I cut from maple wood;
I decked it out with ribbon,
Beautiful, bright and good.

And I put it on a bracket,
And I said that it should stand
To remind me of a hatchet
That belonged to a great man.

A great man whom we call "Father,"
Who would never tell a lie,
And who made a great commander
When we fought for liberty.

That great man, we all should know him,
For his name was Washington,
And he's first among our loved ones
In the hearts of his countrymen.

And like his, shall be my hatchet,
Like a bright and gleaming star;
Leading ever onward, upward,
Where only truthful spirits are.

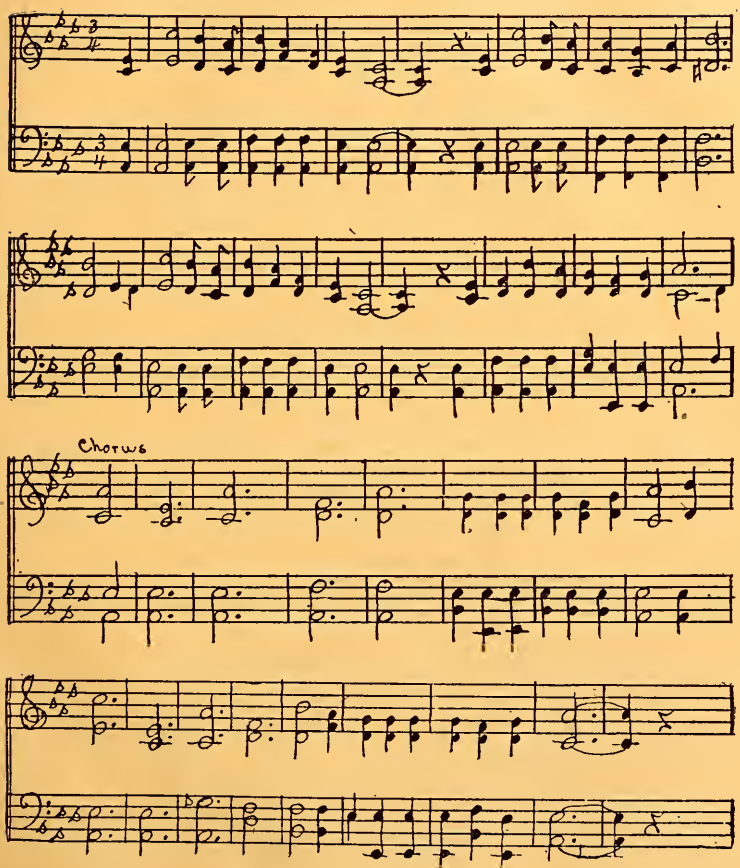
BE LIKE GEORGE WASHINGTON.

S. JENNIE SMITH.

[Solo and chorus, Air: "My Bonnie."]

OF maxims my mother has taught me,
Of lessons I now can recall,
Of precepts to which I have listened,
This one I have heard most of all:

To be like, be like,
Be like George Washington, never lie;
To be like, be like,
Be like George Washington, try.



So longing to please my dear parents,
And grow up a great and good man,
One who could ne'er be untruthful,
I hit on this wonderful plan:

To be like, be like,
Be like George Washington; I knew how
To be like, be like,
Be like George Washington now.

I chopped a young tree in the orchard,
And then to my father did cry,
"I felled it with my little hatchet;
Dear father, I can't tell a lie."
I'm like, I'm like,
I'm like George Washington, good and true,
I'm like, I'm like,
I'm like the boy who was true.

Instead of embracing me fondly,
He took off his slipper right there,
And then with such vigor applied it
I felt that I'd never more care
To be like, be like,
Be like George Washington, brave and mild,
To be like, be like,
Be like that wonderful child.

Dear comrades, this teaches us clearly,
The faults of a good man to shun;
His virtues we ought all to copy,
The victory then may be won.
We'll be like, be like,
Be like George Washington, yes, we will,
Be like, be like,
Be like George Washington still.

Eternity alone will reveal to the human race its debts of gratitude to the peerless and immortal name of Washington.—*President Garfield.*

I WOULD TELL.

[Recitation for five boys.]

First boy. I would tell of Washington
When he was a boy like me.
He learned his lessons well at school,
And always tried to keep the rule,
And if at work, or if at play,
He did his very best each day;
Was gentle, honest, brave, and true,
And loved by all his comrades, too,
When he was a boy like me.

Second boy. I would tell of Washington
When he was twenty-one—
How he journeyed through the wilderness,
Ofttimes in peril and distress,
Yet never did his stout heart quail,
For he knew no such word as fail;
His dauntless courage, even then,
Showed him a leader among men,
When he was twenty-one.

Third boy. I would tell of Washington
In camp at Valley Forge.
When everything seemed dark and drear,
And hope had given place to fear,
He stood alone unmoved and calm;
His very presence was like balm
To soothe the suffering, rouse the faint,
He cheered each heart, stilled each complaint,
In camp at Valley Forge.

Fourth boy. I would tell of Washington
After the war was o'er.
By one accord made President,
As toward the capital he went,

The streets were decked with banners gay,
And flowers were scattered in his way;
Gathered about his path, the throng
Proclaimed him chief with shout and song,
After the war was o'er.

Fifth boy. I would tell of Washington
When came life's peaceful close.
Where broad Potomac's waters flowed,
There he took up his last abode;
Respected, honored, loved, revered,
By countless friends his days were cheered,
And when at length, drew near the end,
The nation wept to lose a friend,
So came life's peaceful close.

WHO KNOWS?

ANNA M. PRATT.

I WONDER if George Washington,
When he was nine years old,
Turned out his toes and brushed his hair
And always shut the door with care
And did as he was told.
I wonder if he never said,
"Oh, dear!" when he was sent to bed.

THIRTEEN ORIGINAL COLONIES AND GEORGE WASHINGTON.

LUCIA M. MOONEY.

[To be spoken by thirteen children representing the thirteen original colonies.]

First Child.—I am Virginia; I have given many noble sons to my country, but to-day I wish to speak only of one, the fairest, the most illustrious—Washington.

Second Child.—I am New Jersey, and the elms at Princeton still whisper of his fame.

Third Child.—I am Massachusetts, and his name is still as powerful among my people as when his cannon frowned upon Boston from Dorchester Heights.

Fourth Child.—I am New York, and in my noblest city the first President took his oath of office.

Fifth Child.—I am New Hampshire, and I bring granite from my mountains that his deeds may be written on imperishable tablets.

Sixth Child.—I am Maryland, and my Potomac's stream murmurs ever of love as it glides past his tomb.

Seventh Child.—I am Connecticut, the land of steady habits, and as a model for our children we hold him up whose title was "An Honest Man."

Eighth Child.—I am Rhode Island, and the name of Roger Williams is not more dear to me than the memory of Washington.

Ninth Child.—I am Delaware, and when the ice cracks and booms on my noble river it seems to thunder the story of that Christmas night so long ago.

Tenth Child.—I am North Carolina, and the shade of Francis Marion bids me join in reverence to his valiant leader.

Eleventh Child.—I am South Carolina, and through the storm of war I have kept his memory sacred.

Twelfth Child.—I am Pennsylvania, and the old State House at Philadelphia seems to be filled with his invisible presence.

Thirteenth Child.—I am Georgia, youngest of all, and I bring palms to celebrate his victories.

Virginia.—Let us speak of his truthfulness.

New Jersey.—Let us admire his modesty.

Massachusetts.—Let us praise his courage.

New York.—Let us remember his deeds.

New Hampshire.—Let us emulate his piety.

Maryland.—Honor the statesman!

Connecticut.—The general!

Rhode Island.—The truth-teller!

Delaware.—The hero!

North Carolina.—The Cincinnatus of the West!

South Carolina.—The Father of his Country!

Pennsylvania.—Providence left him childless that his country might call him father.

Georgia.—Then let us speak of him still as "First in War [*all joining in*], First in Peace, First in the Hearts of His Countrymen."

THE TRUTHFUL BOY.

ONCE there was a little boy
With curly hair and pleasant eye;
A boy who always told the truth
And never, never told a lie.

All who knew him loved him much,
Because he always told the truth;
And every day as he grew up
'Twas said, There goes an honest youth.

WASHINGTON.

W is for Warren, a soldier brave and bold.
A is for General Arnold, a traitor, I am told.
S is for Schuyler, ever foremost in the fight.
H is for Hancock, who stood firm for the right.
I is for independence, for which our soldiers fought.
N is for New York, for which both armies sought.
G is for Greene, a soldier of renown.
T is for Trenton, an old historic town.
O is for "Old Putnam," Washington's great friend.
N is for the Nation they both fought to defend.

LIKE WASHINGTON.

CLARA J. DENTON.

[For a boy.]

WE'RE gathered here with one accord,
The day to celebrate
That gave the world a Washington,
So wise, so good, and great.

I love the name of Washington,
And when of him I read,
Oh, how I long to imitate
Each noble thought and deed!

But to this audience I'm quite sure
It must be very plain
That all my wishes to be wise
As he, will be in vain.

And as for greatness, this, my friends,
I fear is sadly clear,
To it there is one obstacle,
And that, alas! is here.

[*Points to his forehead.*]

But though as wise, nor yet as great
I may not hope to be,
Perhaps I may, by trying hard,
Become as good as he.

Yes, boys, we must successful be
If working on this plan,
For each of us, I'm sure, can make
A true and honest man.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE.

[Letter to Mrs. Martha Washington from General Washington on his appointment as Commander-in-chief.]

PHILA., 18 June, 1775.

MY Dearest: I am now set down to write to you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress, that the whole army raised for the defense of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it. You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you in the most solemn manner that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part from you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. You might and I suppose did perceive from the tenor of my letters that I was apprehensive I could not avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonor upon myself, and given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not, and ought not, to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem. I shall rely, therefore, confidently, on that Providence, which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or the danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone.

I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen. My earnest and ardent desire is, that you would pursue any plan that is most likely to produce content and a tolerable degree of tranquility, as it must add greatly to my uneasy feelings to hear that you are dissatisfied or complaining at what I really could not avoid.

As life is always uncertain and common prudence dictates to every man the necessity of settling his temporal concerns, while it is in his power, and while the mind is calm and undisturbed, I have, since I came to this place (for I had not time to do it before I left home), got Colonel Pendleton to draft a will for me, by the directions I gave him, which will I now enclose. The provision made for you in case of my death will, I hope, be agreeable.

I shall add nothing more, as I have several letters to write, but to desire that you will remember me to your friends, and to assure you that I am, with the most unfeigned regard, my dear Patsy,

Your affectionate, etc.,

WASHINGTON.

First in peace,
first in war,
and first in the hearts
of his countrymen.

For use on blackboard.

THE LITTLE HATCHET; OR THE CENTENNIAL BOY.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

IT became our fortune, recently, to entertain a five-year-old cherub, Clarence Alençon de Caruthers by name, and we told him the well-known story of the Father of his Country.

"Well, one day, George's father—"

"George who?" asked Clarence.

"George Washington. He was a little boy, then, just like you. One day his father—"

"Whose father?" demanded Clarence, with an encouraging expression of interest.

"George Washington's; this great man we are telling you of. One day George Washington's father gave him a little hatchet for a—"

"Gave who a little hatchet?" the dear child interrupted, with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have got mad, or betrayed signs of impatience, but we didn't. We know how to talk to children. So we went on:

"George Washington. His—"

"Who gave him the little hatchet?"

"His father. And his father—"

"Whose father?"

"George Washington's."

"Oh!"

"Yes, George Washington. And his father told him—"

"Told who?"

"Told George."

"Oh yes, George."

And we went on, just as patient and as pleasant as you could imagine. We took up the story right where the boy interrupted, for we could see he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said:

"And he was told—"

"George told him?" queried Clarence.

"No, his father told George—"

"Oh!"

"Yes; told him he must be careful with the hatchet—"

"Who must be careful?"

"George must."

"Oh!"

"Yes; must be careful with his hatchet—"

"What hatchet?"

"Why, George's."

"Oh!"

"With the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out in the grass all night. So George went round cutting everything he could reach with his hatchet. And at last he came to a splendid apple-tree, his father's favorite, and cut it down and—"

"Who cut it down?"

"George did."

"Oh!"

"But his father came home and saw it the first thing, and—"

"Saw the hatchet?"

"No, saw the apple-tree. And he said, 'Who has cut down my favorite apple-tree?'"

"What apple-tree?"

"George's father's. And everybody said they didn't know anything about it, and—"

"Anything about what?"

"The apple-tree."

"Oh!"

"And George came up and heard them talking about it—"

"Heard who talking about it?"

"Heard his father and the men."

"What were they talking about?"

"About this apple-tree."

"What apple-tree?"

"The favorite tree that George cut down."

"George who?"

"George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and heard them talking about it, and he—"

"What did he cut it down for?"

"Just to try his little hatchet."

"Whose little hatchet?"

"Why, his own, the one his father gave him."

"Gave who?"

"Why, George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and he said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I—'"

"Who couldn't tell a lie?"

"Why, George Washington. He said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. It was—'"

"His father couldn't?"

"Why, no; George couldn't."

"Oh! George? oh, yes!"

"'It was I cut down your apple-tree; I did—'"

"His father did?"

"No, no; it was George said this."

"Said he cut his father?"

"No, no, no; said he cut down his apple-tree."

"George's apple-tree?"

"No, no; his father's."

"Oh!"

"He said—"

"His father said?"

"No, no, no; George said. 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said: 'Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.'"

"George did?"

"No, his father said that."

"Said he'd rather have a thousand apple-trees?"

"No, no, no; said he'd rather lose a thousand apple-trees than— "

"Said he'd rather George would? "

"No, said he'd rather he would than have him lie."

"Oh! George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient and we love children, but if Mrs. Caruthers hadn't come and got her prodigy at that critical juncture, we don't believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of the snarl. And as Clarence Alençon de Marchemont Caruthers pattered up the stairs we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George, and he told him to cut down an apple-tree, and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple-tree.

A LITTLE HATCHET.

WHEN I hear of Washington,
Brave and true and noble one,—
I'd be like him if I can,
While a boy and when a man.
But of all the ways I see
In which like him I would be,—
One,—I long the most to catch it,—
Is, *he* had a *little hatchet!*

WASHINGTON'S DAY.

MARY K. D. DINGWALL.

OH, how the world remembers!
It is many and many a day
Since the patriot George Washington
Grew old and passed away.

And yet to-day we are keeping
In memory of his birth,
And his deeds of truth and valor
Are told by every hearth.

How he fought for Independence,
All little schoolboys know;
And why we signed the Declaration
A hundred years ago.

To be as great as Washington,
I could not if I would,
But I've made up my mind that I
Will try to be as good.

A REPUBLICAN "NO."

[Letter to Colonel Lewis Nicola, Newburgh, May 22, 1783, in answer to a suggestion of an American monarchy of which Washington should be the head.]

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

SIR: With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, Sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army, as you have expressed, and which I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary.

I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which seems to me big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time in justice to my own feelings, I must add that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample justice done to the army than I do; and as far as my powers and influence, in a constitutional way, extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be any occa-

sion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or anyone else, a sentiment of like nature.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant.

SOMETHING BETTER.

CLARA J. DENTON.

[For a very little girl.]

I CANNOT be a Washington,
However hard I try,
But into something I must grow
As fast the days go by.

The world needs women, good and true,
I'm glad I can be one,
For that is even better than
To be a Washington.

BATTLE OF TRENTON.

[December 25, 1776.]

ON Christmas day in seventy-six,
Our ragged troops, with bayonets fixed,
For Trenton marched away.
The Delaware, see! the boats below!
The light obscured by hail and snow!
But no signs of dismay.

Our object was the Hessian band
That dared invade fair Freedom's land,
And quarter in the place.
Great Washington he led us on,
Whose streaming flag, in storm or sun,
Had never known disgrace.

In silent march we passed the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight,
  Though quite benumbed with frost.
Greene on the left at six began,
The right was led by Sullivan,
  Who ne'er a moment lost.

Their pickets stormed, the alarm was spread,
That rebels risen from the dead
  Were marching into town.
Some scampered here, some scampered there,
And some for action did prepare;
  But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants,
With all their colors, guns, and tents,
  Were trophies of the day.
The frolic o'er, the bright canteen,
In centre, front, and rear was seen
  Driving fatigue away.

Now, brothers of the patriot bands,
Let's sing deliverance from the hands
  Of arbitrary sway.
And as our life is but a span,
Let's touch the tankard while we can,
  In memory of that day.

WASHINGTON AT PRAYER.

MASON L. WEEMS.

IN the winter of '77, while Washington with the American army lay encamped at Valley Forge, a certain good old Friend, of the respectable family and name of Potts, if I mistake not, had occasion to pass through the woods near headquarters. Treading his way along the venerable grove he suddenly heard the sound of a human

voice, which as he advanced increased in his ear, and at length became like the voice of one speaking much in earnest. As he approached the spot with a cautious step, whom should he behold in a dark natural bower of ancient oaks, but the commander-in-chief of the American armies on his knees at prayer! Motionless with surprise, Friend Potts waited in the place till the General, having ended his devotions, arose, and with a countenance of angel serenity, retired to headquarters. Friend Potts then went home, and on entering his parlor called out to his wife, "Sarah! my dear! Sarah! All's well! all's well! George Washington will yet prevail!"

"What's the matter, Isaac?" replied she; "thee seems moved."

"Well, if I seem moved, 'tis no more than what I am; I have this day seen what I never expected. Thee knows that I always thought the sword and the gospel utterly inconsistent, and that no man could be a soldier and a Christian at the same time. But George Washington has this day convinced me of my mistake."

He then related what he had seen, and concluded with the prophetical remark, "If George Washington be not a man of God, I am greatly deceived, and still more shall I be deceived if God doth not, through him, work out a great salvation for America."

Washington seemed to come to the discharge of the duties of his high office with a great sense of his unfamiliarity with these new calls upon him, modestly doubtful of his own ability, but trusting implicitly in the sustaining helpfulness and grace of that God who rules the world, presides in the councils of nations, and is able to supply every human defect. We have made marvelous progress in material things, but the stately and enduring shaft that we have erected at the national capital at Washington, symbolizes the fact that he is still the First American Citizen. —*Benjamin Harrison.*

THE VOW OF WASHINGTON.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[Read in New York, April 30, 1889, at the Centennial Celebration of the Inauguration of George Washington, as the first President of the United States.]

THE sword was sheathed: In April's sun
Lay green the fields by Freedom won;
And severed sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were United States.

O city sitting by the sea!
How proud the day that dawned on thee,
When the new era, long desired, began,
And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon salvos spoke;
The resonant bell-tower's vibrant stroke,
The voiceful streets, the plaudit-echoing halls,
And prayer and hymn borne heavenward from St. Paul's!

How felt the land in every part
The strong throb of a nation's heart,
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,
His pledge to Union, Liberty, and Law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard,
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;
In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold
And hopes deceived all history told.
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful past,
Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the people's choice was just,
The one man equal to his trust,
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,
Calm in the strength of lawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,
And rule alone, which serves the ruled, is just;

That Freedom generous is, but strong
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong,
Pretense that turns her holy truths to lies,
And lawless license masking in her guise.

Land of his love! with one glad voice
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice;
A century's suns o'er thee have risen and set,
And, God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still, we trust, the years to be
Shall prove his hope was destiny,
Leaving our flag with all its added stars
Unrent by faction, and unstained by wars!

Lo! lo! where with patient toil he nursed
And trained the new-set plant at first,
The widening branches of a stately tree
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,
Sitting with none to make afraid,
Were we now silent, through each mighty limb,
The winds of heaven would sing the praise of him.

Our first and best!—his ashes lie
Beneath his own Virginian sky.
Forgive, forget, oh! true and just and brave,
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave!

For, ever in that awful strife
And dark hours of the nation's life,
Through the fierce tumult pierced his warning word
Their father's voice his erring children heard!

The change for which he prayed and sought
In that sharp agony was wrought;
No partial interest draws its alien line
'Twixt North and South, the cypress and the pine!

One people now, all doubt beyond,
His name shall be our Union-bond;
We lift our hands to heaven, and here and now,
Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

For rule and trust must needs be ours;
Chooser and chosen both are powers
Equal in service as in rights; the claim
Of duty rests on each and all the same.

Then let the sovereign millions, where
Our banner floats in sun and air,
From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's cold,
Repeat with us the pledge a century old!

ELEMENTS IN WASHINGTON'S GREATNESS.

R. J. WHITE.

First pupil.—A noble character is a combination of elements. It was not his distinctive qualities alone, but the combination of them, that made Washington.

Second pupil.—He had the physical basis for heroism.

In youth he was the favorite on the playground, always the winner in race or wrestle. On foot he crossed the Alleghanies through the winter forest.

Third pupil.—He had a genius for hard work. Retiring and rising early, he was very painstaking. His surveying-books show nice and painstaking work. He made careful preparation, looking after all details. His farm-book shows careful plans for crops and rotation.

Fourth pupil.—He had high courage. He planned to avoid danger and to maintain peace; but in his work he exposed himself freely, almost recklessly. His nerves were steel at Great Meadows, Fort Duquesne, Boston, Trenton, Valley Forge, Monmouth, and Yorktown.

Fifth pupil.—Practical common sense, looking wisely ahead, knowledge of men, and appreciation of the needs of the hour gave him practical hold upon circumstances and men.

Sixth pupil.—Unselfishness won and held the love and gratitude of the nation.

THE APPROACH OF THE PRESIDENCY.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[From a letter to Henry Lee, Mount Vernon, September 22, 1788.]

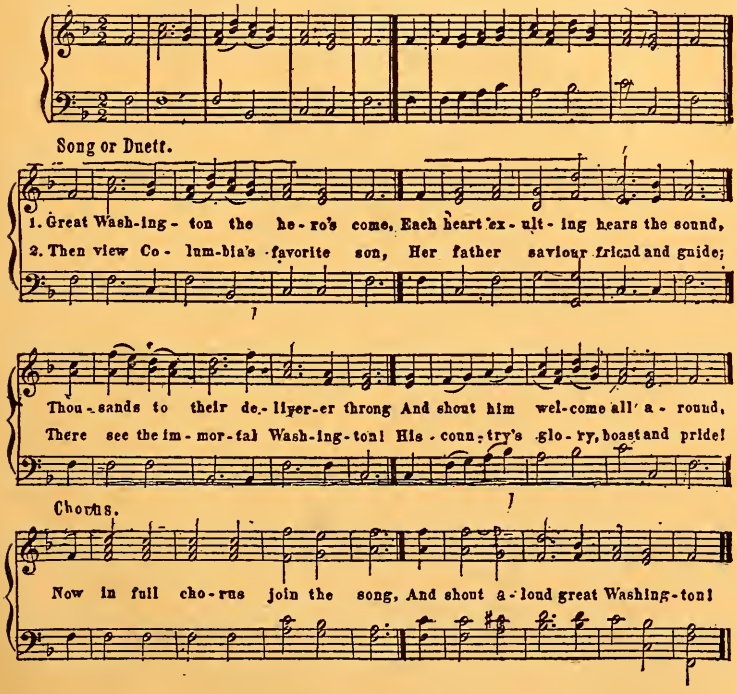
YOU are among the small number of those who know my invincible attachment to domestic life, and that my sincerest wish is to continue in enjoyment of it solely until my final hour. But the world would be neither so well instructed nor so candidly disposed as to believe me influenced by sinister motives, in case any circumstance should render a deviation from the line of conduct I had prescribed to myself indispensable.

Should the contingency you suggest take place (for

argument's sake alone let me say it), should my unfeigned reluctance to accept the office be overcome by a deference for the reasons and opinions of my friends, might I not, after the declarations I have made (and Heaven knows that they were made in the sincerity of my heart), in the judgment of the impartial world and of posterity, be chargeable with levity, and inconsistency, if not with rashness and ambition? Nay farther, would there not be some apparent foundation for the two former charges? Now justice to myself and tranquillity of conscience require that I should act a part, if not above imputation, at least capable of vindication. Nor will you conceive me too solicitous for reputation. Though I prize, as I ought, the good opinion of my fellow-citizens, yet, if I know myself, I would not seek or retain popularity at the expense of one social duty or moral virtue. While doing what my conscience informed me was right, as it respected my God, my country and myself, I could despise all the party clamor and unjust censure which might be expected from some, whose personal enmity might be occasioned by their hostility to the government. I am conscious that I fear alone to give any real occasion for obloquy and that I do not dread to meet with unmerited reproach. And certain I am, whensoever I shall be convinced the good of my country requires my reputation to be put in risk, regard for my own fame will not come in competition with an object of so much magnitude. If I declined the task, it would lie on quite another principle. Notwithstanding, my advanced season of life, my growing love of retirement, augment and confirm my decided predilection for the character of a private citizen. Yet it would be no one of these motives, nor the hazard to which my former reputation might be exposed nor the terror of encountering new fatigues and troubles, that would deter me from an acceptance, but a belief that some other person, who had less pretence and less inclination to be excused, could execute all the duties full as satisfactorily as myself.

ODE TO WASHINGTON.

[Desirous of perpetuating the memory of Washington, I wrote this music from memory, of an ode sung October, 1789, on the occasion of President Washington's arrival at the Old State House, Boston. Having learned it from my father in 1805 when ten years of age, he being one of the chorus singers.—BENJAMIN B. DAVIS.]



3.

When the impending storm of war,
Thick clouds and darkness hid our way,
Great Washington, our polar star,
Arose; and all was light as day.

CHORUS.

4.

'Twas on yon plains thy valor rose,
And ran like fire from man to man;
'Twas here thou humbled Paria's foes,
And chased whole legions to the main.

CHORUS.

5.

Through countless dangers, toil, and cares
Our hero led us safely on—
With matchless skill direct the wars
Till Victory cries—The day's his own!

CHORUS.

6.

His country saved, the contest o'er,
Sweet peace restored, his toil to crown,
The warrior to his native shore
Returns, and tills his fertile ground.

CHORUS.

7.

But soon Columbia called him forth
Again to save her sinking fame;
So to the helm, and by his worth,
To make her an immortal name.

CHORUS.

8.

Not yet alone through Paria's shores
Has fame her mighty trumpet blown;
E'en Europe, Afric, Asia hears,
And emulate the deeds he's done.

CHORUS.

EPITAPH ON WASHINGTON.

[Epitah discovered on the back of a portrait of Washington, sent to the family from England.]

THE defender of his country,—the founder of liberty,
The friend of man,
History and tradition are explored in vain
For a parallel to his character.
In the annals of modern greatness
He stands alone;
And the noblest names of antiquity
Lose their lustre in his presence.
Born the benefactor of mankind,
He united all the greatness necessary
To an illustrious career.
Nature made him great,
He made himself virtuous.
Called by his Country to the defense of her Liberties,
He triumphantly vindicated the rights of humanity,
And, on the pillars of National Independence,
Laid the foundation of a great Republic.

Twice invested with Supreme Magistracy
By the unanimous vote of a free people,
He surpassed, in the Cabinet,
The glories of the field,
And, voluntarily resigning the scepter and the sword,
Retired to the shades of private life;
A spectacle so new, and so sublime,
Was contemplated with profoundest admiration,
And the name of Washington,
Adding new lustre to humanity,
Resounded to the remotest regions of the earth.
Magnanimous in youth,
Glorious through life,
Great in death;

His highest ambition, the happiness of mankind;
His noblest victory, the conquest of himself,
Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his fame.
And building his monument in the hearts of his Countrymen,—
He lived—the ornament of the Eighteenth Century;
He died, regretted by a mourning world.

WASHINGTON AND FRANKLIN.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[An imaginary conversation.]

FRANKLIN.—The conduct of England toward us resembles that of Ebenezer Bullock toward his eldest son, Jonas.

WASHINGTON.—I remember old Ebenezer; and I believe it was Jonas who, when another youth, after giving him much offence and seeing him unresisting would fain fight him, replied: "Nay, I will not fight thee, friend; but if thou dost with that fist what thou threatenest, by the Lord's help I will smite thee sore, marking thee for one of an ill, unprofitable flock; and thou shalt walk home in heaviness." Whereat he took off his coat, folded it up, and laid it on the ground, saying, "This at least hath done no harm, and deserveth good treatment." The adversary, not admiring such an object of contemplation, went away muttering more reasonable threats, conditional and subjunctive. Ebenezer, I guess, aggravated and wore out his son's patience; for the old man was rich and testy, and would have his comforts neither encroached upon nor much partaken.

FRANKLIN.—My story is this. Jonas had been hunting in the woods, and had contracted a rheumatism in the face which drew it awry, and, either from the pain it occasioned

or from the medicines he took to cure it, rotted one of his grinders. Old Ebenezer was wealthy, had little to do or to care about, made few observations on his family, sick or sound, and saw nothing particular in his son's countenance. However, one day after dinner when he had eaten heartily, he said, "Son Jonas, methinks thy appetite is not overkeen; pick (and welcome) the other half of that hog's foot."

"Father," answered he, "I have had a pain in my tooth the last fortnight; the northerly wind does it no good to-day. I would rather, if so be that you approve of it, eat a slice of yon fair cheesecake in the closet."

"Why, what ails the tooth?" said Ebenezer. "Nothing more," replied Jonas, "than that I cannot chew with it what I used to chew." "Drive a nail in the wall," quoth stoutly and courageously Ebenezer, "tie a string to one end, and lace the other round thy tooth."

The son performed a part of the injunction, but could not very dexterously twist the string around the grinder, for his teeth were close and the cord not overfine. Then said the father kindly, "Open thy mouth, lad! give me the twine: back thy head,—back it, I tell thee, over the chair."

"Not that, father! not that; the next," cried Jonas. "What dost mean?" proudly and impatiently said Ebenezer. "Is not the string about it? Dost hold my hand too, scapegrace? Dost give me this trouble for nought?" "Patience, now, father!" meekly said Jonas, with the cord across his tongue; "let me draw my tooth my own way."

"Follow thine own courses, serpent!" indignantly exclaimed Ebenezer. "As God's in Boston, thou art a most wilful and undutiful child." "I hope not, father." "Hope not! rebel! Did I not beget thee and thy teeth, one and all? Have not I lodged thee, clothed thee, and fed thee, these forty years; and now, I warrant ye, all this bustle and backwardness about a rotten tooth! Should I be a groat the richer for it, out or in?"

WASHINGTON.—Dignity in private men and in governments has been little else than a stately and stiff perse-

verance in oppression; and spirit, as it is called, little else than the foam of hard-mouthed insolence. Such at last is become the audacity of Power, from a century or more of holidays and riot, it now complains that you deprive it of its prerogative if you limit the exercise of its malignity. I lament that there are those who can learn no lesson of humanity, unless we write it broadly with the point of the sword.

FRANKLIN.—Let us hope, however, that we may see the day when these scholars shall be turned out of school.

WASHINGTON.—The object of our cares and solicitudes, at present, is the stability of the blessings we have obtained. No attempt against them is dangerous from without, nor immediately from within; but the seeds of corruption are inherent, however latent, in all bodies, physical and political; guards therefore should be stationed, and laws enacted, to deter adventurers from attempts at despotism.

A GREAT EXPERIMENT.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[From a letter to Catharine Macaulay Graham, New York, January 9, 1790.]

IN the first place I thank you for your congratulatory sentiments on the event, which has placed me at the head of the American Government, as well as for the indulgent partiality, which it is to be feared may have warped your judgment too much in my favor. But you do me no more than justice in supposing that, if I had been permitted to indulge my first and fondest wish, I should have remained in a private station.

Although neither the present age nor posterity may possibly give me full credit for the feelings, which I have experienced on this subject, yet I have a consciousness that nothing short of an absolute conviction of duty could ever have brought me upon the scenes of public life again. The

establishment of our civil government seemed to be the last great experiment for promoting human happiness by a reasonable compact in civil society. It was to be, in the first instance, a considerable degree, a government of accommodation as well as a government of laws. Much was to be done by prudence, much by conciliation, much by firmness. Few who are not philosophical spectators can realize the difficult and delicate part which a man in my situation had to act. All see, and must admire, the glare which hovers round the external happiness of elevated office. To me, there is nothing in it beyond the lustre, which may be reflected from its connection with a power of promoting human felicity.

In our progress toward political happiness my station is new, and, if I may use the expression, I walk on untrodden ground. There is scarcely an action the motive of which may not be subject to a double interpretation. There is scarcely any part of my conduct which may not hereafter be drawn into precedent. Under such a view of the duties inherent in my arduous office, I could not but feel a diffidence in myself on the one hand, and an anxiety for the community, that every new arrangement should be made in the best possible manner, on the other.

If, after all my humble but faithful endeavors to advance the felicity of my country and mankind, I may indulge a hope that my labors have not been altogether without success, it will be the only real compensation I can receive in the closing scenes of my life.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY.

WITH a heart full of love and gratitude I now take leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable. I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if each of you will come and take my hand.

THE BURIAL OF WASHINGTON.

WEDNESDAY noon was fixed as the time for the funeral. Extensive preparations were made for the solemn event. Military and civic societies arranged to participate in the obsequies. The sad day soon came, but the hour was postponed until three o'clock, awaiting the arrival of the military organization of Alexandria. The coffin, which was made in Alexandria, was of mahogany, lined with lead, and covered within and without with black velvet. On the lid at the head was a plate on which was inscribed,

"SURGE AD JUDICIUM."

On another plate, in the middle, was the inscription—

"GLORIA DEO."

—while on a small silver plate in the form of an American shield was the inscription—

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Born Feb. 22, 1732
Died Dec. 14, 1799

The pall-bearers were Colonels Little, Simms, Payne, Gilpin, Ramsey, and Marsleter. The order of the procession was as follows:

Troops, Horse and Foot
Clergy,—Revs. Davis, Muir, Moffat and Addison
The General's Horse, with Saddle, Holsters, and Pistols
Led by the Two Grooms, Cyrus and Wilson, in Black
The Body, Borne by Freemasons and Officers
Principal Mourners
Lord Fairfax and Ferdinand Fairfax
Lodge No. 23, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons
Corporation of Alexandria
All other Mourners in Procession

Thus formed, the cortège moved slowly and solemnly to the vault prepared on his own premises, while minute-guns were fired from a schooner in the Potomac river, sent down from Alexandria for the purpose by Robert Hamil-

ton. At the vault the Episcopal burial service was read by the Rev. Mr. Davis, who also delivered a brief address. The Masons then performed their burial ceremony, the military salute was fired, followed by a salvo of eleven pieces of artillery discharged simultaneously from the rear of the vault, where they had been arranged. Thus over the remains of the illustrious Washington were pronounced the words which must at last be said of all, the great as well as the humble,—"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

WASHINGTON.

ELIZA COOK.

LAND of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page.
Let all the blasts of fame ring out,—thine shall be loudest far;
Let others boast their satellites,—thou hast the planet-star.
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamp'd upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart.
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won;
Land of the West! it stands alone,—it is thy Washington.

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave, but stain was on his wreath;
He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tryant's death.
France had its Eagle, but his wings, though lofty they might soar,

Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore.
Those hero-gods whose mighty sway would fain have chained the waves;
Who flashed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of slaves;
Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded on;
O, where shall be *their* "glory" by the side of Washington?

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck, but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend.
He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle word!
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge,—sword to sword!
He stood, the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and sage;
He showed no deep, avenging hate,—no burst of despot rage;
He stood for Liberty and Truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheel proclaimed him victor chief;
He broke the gyves of slavery, with strong and high disdain,
And forged no scepter from the links, when he had crushed the chain.
He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings down,

To change them for the regal vest, and don a kingly crown.
Fame was too earnest in her joy,—too proud of such a son,—
To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington.

England, my heart is truly thine, my loved, my native earth!
The land that holds a mother's grave, and gave that mother birth.
O, keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from thy shore,
And faltering my breath that sighed,—"Farewell for evermore!"
But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to dwell
Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's songs to tell.
"Away, thou gallant ship!" I'd cry, "and bear me swiftly on;
But bear me from my own fair land to that of Washington."

LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[Suitable for 27 children; girls and boys, or girls, or boys standing in two divisions.]

First child.—George Washington was born in Virginia, February 22, 1732.

Second child.—He was the son of Augustine and Mary Washington, and the eldest of five children.

Third child.—He was a bright and manly boy.

Fourth child.—He was a good and truthful boy.

All.—His truth shines down the years afar,
For youth to-day, a guiding star.

Fifth child.—His father died when he was eleven years old.

Sixth child.—George studied hard and learned to read and write well.

Seventh child.—He became excited over war issues and wanted to go to sea as midshipman.

Eighth child.—His mother's tears decided him and he sent his trunk to his room and remained with her.

Ninth child.—In 1748, when sixteen years old, he became a surveyor of lands.

Tenth child.—To do this work he went long distances into the woods.

Eleventh child.—He did his work well.

Twelfth child.—At the age of twenty-one, he was sent by the governor of Virginia to the French at Fort Duquesne.

Thirteenth child.—He carried a letter to the French commander, telling him the land belonged to England, and ordering him to leave the place at once.

Fourteenth child.—The French commander told Washington the land belonged to France and he intended to stay where he was.

Fifteenth child.—Washington carried the message to his governor.

Sixteenth child.—The journey to and from Fort Duquesne was full of dangers and Washington had several narrow escapes.

Seventeenth child.—The King of England sent soldiers to drive the French away.

Eighteenth child.—Washington, in command of American soldiers, helped the English fight the French and Indians.

Nineteenth Child.—Washington was so successful that he was made a colonel.

Twentieth child.—In 1759 Washington married Mrs. Martha Custis.

Twenty-first child.—In 1775 Washington was appointed Commander-in-chief of the American Army.

Twenty-second child.—He was so wise and careful that he made us an independent nation.

All.—All honor; may each year his name
Grow brighter on the scroll of fame.

Twenty-third child.—In 1783, at the close of the war, he resigned from the army and went to his home at Mt. Vernon.

Twenty-fourth child.—In 1789 he was chosen President of the United States.

Twenty-fifth child.—In 1793 he was reelected for four years.

Twenty-sixth child.—In 1797 the people wished to re-elect him, but he declined the honor and retired again to private life.

Twenty-seventh child.—In 1799, on December 14, he died at Mount Vernon.

All.— "Weep for our leader,"
Sadly men said;
"Let all your tears fall,
Now on his head.
Loud may the cannons roll,
Sadly the bells shall toll,
Telling to all the world,
Washington's dead."

First division.— When War her bloody banners trailed
Above his native land,
He was the first to hear the call,
And followed, sword in hand.

Second division.—When Peace, with pennons pure and white,
Came with her gentle train,
He dropped the sword, and lo! men saw
He was the first again.

All.— And so, wherever Duty called,
He acted well his part.
For this, his grateful country keeps
His name within her heart.

First division.—He was first in war,—
Second division.—First in peace,—
All.—First in the hearts of his countrymen.

FLAG SONG FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

ANNIE E. CHASE.

[AIR: "Hold the Fort."]

RAISE the banner, [1] raise it proudly,
With its colors gay;
Raise it for the noble hero
Who was born to-day.
See! [2] the glorious flag is waving [2]
Over land and sea.[2]
Waving now for him who fought [2]
To set our country free.[2]

Pretty banner in the sunlight [3]
Grandly floating there, [3]
Are you proud that truth and courage
Made his fame so fair?
Pretty banner, 'gainst the blue sky
Softly wave and slow [4]
For the falling hero sleeping [4]
Where the daisies grow. [4]

Will you heed [2] the children's queries?
Answer to our song?
Pretty banner on the breezes
Send the words along;
If we march with heads uplifted, [5]
Faces to the foe,
Shall we all of us be heroes?—
Come, we long to know.

Motions.

1 Raise flag with the right hand.
2 Wave flag briskly.
3 Wave flag briskly overhead and look up.
4 Wave flag slowly, sing softly.
5 March.

WHAT THE CHILDREN LEARNED AT SCHOOL.

STANLEY SCHELL.

CHARACTERS: Ten of the smallest children in the school. Give each of them a letter made of pasteboard and covered with gilt or silver paper.

Costumes: White with little sweeping-caps on the head. A big girl is to be dressed as a mother.

Scene: Mother is seated at stage front sewing. Door opens and in rush the ten children.

Mamma.—Well, here you are at last. [*While she is speaking the children form a semicircle across the stage.*] What have you learned to-day?

First child.—We have learned how to make the letter W. [*Holds up "W" in frout of chest.*]

Second child.—And the letter A too. [*Holds up "A" in front of chest.*]

Third child.—And S too, mamma. [*Holds up "S."*]

Fourth child.—Yes, and H too. [*Holds up "H"*]

Mamma.—Well, I do declare, if that doesn't spell Wash—W-A-S-H. [*Stands and points at each letter, then says "Wash."*]

Fifth child.—O, no, mamma, that isn't all, here is I—we learned that too. [*Holds up "I."*]

Sixth child.—And here is N, mamma, we learned that too. [*Holds up "N."*]

Mamma.—Well! Well! Well! [*Looks at all the letters and smiling faces.*]

Seventh child.—Here is another letter, mamma. [*Holds up "G."*]

Mamma.—[*Sits again, puts hands on knee and bends forward while she spells out "W-A-S-H-I-N-G."*] Why, children, that spells "Washing."

Eighth child.—So it does, but, mamma, here is my letter and it is T. [*Holds up "T."*]

Ninth child.—And here is O. [*Holds up "O."*]

Mamma.—Well, I do hope that's all. Such a lot of letters to learn in one day.

Tenth child.—But it isn't, mamma, for I have one and it is the letter N. [*Holds up "N."*] And we have learned to spell the name of a man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

First child.— W
Second child.— A
Third child.— S
Fourth child.— H
Fifth child.— I
Sixth child.— N
Seventh child.—G
Eighth child.— T
Ninth child.— O
Tenth child.— N

All.—Washington [*drawl it*], the Father of His Country.

[*Curtain falls.*]

THE LITERARY SIDE OF WASHINGTON.

JOHN DE MORGAN.

WE have honored Washington, our first President, as a soldier, as a statesman, a ruler, but we are apt to lose sight of that side of his character that not only made his victories possible, but, out of the chaos of disruption, created a harmonic system of government which was suited not merely for an age, but for all time.

Washington's education was of the crudest kind; he lived at a time when learning was less prized than in later years. He had no classical knowledge, could speak no other language than English, required an interpreter when conversing with the French generals who joined the colo-

nists, but was passionately fond of mathematics. He had great physical strength, was fond of military and athletic exercises, grew tall and well-proportioned and was greatly admired by his friends in the Virginia valley.

At the age of thirteen he wrote out, for his own use, 110 maxims of civility and good behavior, and two years later indited some love poems to a young lady who lived near the Washington home.

He commenced the arduous task of surveying the wild territory of the Virginia valley when he was but sixteen, being paid a doubloon a day. For months he camped out in the forest, in peril from Indians and squatters.

At the age of nineteen, he entered upon his military career and was so remarkable for his courage that the Indians believed he bore a charmed life.

For some years he was a member of the Virginia Assembly; and in 1774, though opposed to the idea of independence, he declared he was ready to fight, if necessary, for the constitutional rights of the colonies. He very seldom spoke and then but briefly; but Patrick Henry declared him to be, "for sound judgment and solid information, unquestionably the greatest man in the Assembly."

Washington believed more in the pen than the tongue; he wrote down his thoughts in copy-books, copied, revised and rewrote them until he produced admirable specimens of pure English. Jefferson said of him: "In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short and embarrassed. Yet, he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style."

When a man writes, he shows his true soul; he searches, meditates, calls up all his reasoning power and impresses his individuality on the page. George Washington proved that it is not study alone, not a knowledge of the classics that produces a writer, it is intensity of purpose; a strong sense of duty; an inspiration. Most of the things he wrote were conventional, no doubt, but he so impressed his own personality on everything that he did there is a charm in even the commonplace. With him a good thought was

like the life-blood of a master soul, and he embalmed it for the treasury of future ages.

When Washington's "Book of Moral and Political Maxims" was printed the Earl of Buchan said: "I recommend the constant remembrance of the moral and political maxims conveyed to its citizens by the Father and Founder of the United States. It seems to me that such maxims and such advice ought to be engraved in every forum or place of common assembly among the people and read by parents, teachers and guardians to their children and pupils, so that true religion and wit, its inseparable attendant, may be imbibed by the rising generation, to remote ages."

The original manuscript of this book is preserved, and it shows the care with which Washington prepared everything before submitting it to the public. The first copy contains uncouth construction of sentences, curious use of words, old style of capitalization, confused spelling of words in ordinary use, awkward punctuation and many abbreviations. The alterations, interlineations and corrections were so many that the manuscript was copied, again the pages were filled with corrections and so on, until after patient labor the book was published in 1796, when it was considered to be an excellent specimen of perfect English.

He was fond of epigram. All through his writings, through the many messages to Congress, his correspondence with statesmen and foreign governments, with personal friends and relatives, we find great truths pithily expressed. For example:

"Time may unfold more than prudence ought to disclose."

"Influence is not government."

"Few men have virtue to withstand the highest bidder."

"It is to be lamented that great characters are seldom without a blot."

"Without virtue and without integrity the finest talents and the most brilliant accomplishments can never gain the

respect and conciliate the esteem of the truly valuable part of mankind."

"I require no guard but the affections of the people."

He was thorough in everything he did, and, as he wrote to George Washington Parke-Curtis in 1798, "Without thoroughness nothing can be attained. System in all things should be aimed at, for in execution it renders everything more easy."

The Empress of Russia tried to interest the literary men of the time in a proposed Universal Dictionary. Washington was a fervent advocate of the idea. To the promoter he wrote:

"To know the affinity of tongues seems to be one step toward promoting the affinity of nations. Would to God the harmony of nations were an object that lay nearest to the hearts of sovereigns and that the incentives to peace, of which commerce and facility of understanding each other are not the most inconsiderable, might be daily increased."

When Mathew Carey established the *Columbian Magazine* and the *American Museum*, two high-class periodicals, Washington wrote him indorsing the idea and saying:

"I consider such easy vehicles of knowledge more happily calculated than any other to preserve the liberty, stimulate the industry, and meliorate the morals of an enlightened and free people."

In accepting the honor of membership in the Society of the Patrons of Literature, 1789, Washington wrote:

"I am not a little flattered, by being considered by the Patrons of Literature as one of their number. Fully apprised of the influence which sound learning has on religion and manners in government, liberty and laws, I shall only lament my want of abilities to make it still more extensive."

Washington's messages to Congress were ably prepared, logical and full of the soundest wisdom. They will ever stand forth as proof that, if Washington was great as a soldier, distinguished as a ruler, he was also pre-eminently an able literary man, a writer of good English,

able to express the highest aspirations in the simplest and tersest manner.

From his first inaugural, delivered in New York, April 30, 1789, to the farewell to the American people in 1796, every message, every public document bearing his name, is worthy of study by the student of literature as well as the citizen who is proud of the nation which Washington did so much to call into existence.

His library was not a large one, but the books it contained were practical, and show by their titles that their owner was a man who believed in "proving all things."

Jefferson said of him: "His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon or Locke; and, so far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder."

One of Washington's epigrams tells us the value he placed on books:

"Books are waste paper unless we spend in action the wisdom we get from them."

The Father of his Country spent considerable time during the last years of his life in revising his literary works, taking especial care that no sentence should be allowed to live if it contained anything likely to be misunderstood. In all things he was most conscientious.

When he died he won from all nations a eulogy which is well expressed by an English tourist in the Visitor's Book of Mount Vernon:

> Magnanimous in youth,
> Glorious through life,
> Great in death.
> His highest ambition the happiness of mankind,
> His noblest victory the conquest of himself—
> Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his fame,
> And building his monument in the hearts of his countrymen.

Born to high destinies, he was fashioned for them by the hand of Nature.—*Gouveneur Morris.*

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.

Washington and Lincoln—their names are inseparably associated in the minds of a grateful republic, and their fame is forever united in the annals of the world.

History will accord each the place of honor among patriots. We cannot think of Washington on the anniversary of his natal day and be unmindful of Lincoln and his greatness. One redeemed his country from a foreign foe; the other saved it from foes of its own household. Washington gave us a country; Lincoln saved it. Washington fought that we might have peace, liberty and happiness; Lincoln fought that we might enjoy inestimable blessings without molestation. Washington struck the scepter from a tyrant's hand; Lincoln struck the fetters from the enslaved. Washington consecrated a country; Lincoln hallowed it. Washington is the father of our country; Lincoln, the savior of it. Washington was a general without fear or reproach; Lincoln, a statesman without guile or shame. Washington was the lion-hearted; Lincoln, the simple-hearted.

The memory of each is embalmed in the hearts of men and shall be revered as long as men remember deeds of patriotism, of mercy, of justice, of peace. It is on this day that we ask what the lives of Washington and Lincoln offer for our emulation and copy. Each was in earnest, each devoted himself to what he had to do, and having something to do each did it well. Each was a good man; their trust was in a higher power, and they never undertook any task without asking divine aid and direction. Each was patriotic, their country called them, and they obeyed its call to the sacrifice of any other ambition. Each was a hero in great things as well as in small things. They ruled their own spirits as they ruled the people. These points may be enough for us, as a younger generation, to

copy and imitate: Earnestness, uprightness, patriotism, heroism. If these four live in our minds and hearts, to inspire, mature and make us better men and women, better citizens, Washington and Lincoln will not have lived and died in vain.

BLACKBOARD OUTLINE.

WASHINGTON	LINCOLN
Redeemed his country from a foreign foe.	Saved his country from its own people.
Washington fought that we might have peace, liberty and happiness.	Lincoln fought that these inestimable blessings might be ours without molestation.
Washington struck the sceptre from the tyrant's hand.	Lincoln struck the fetters from the enslaved.
Washington consecrated a country.	Lincoln hallowed it.
Washington, the father of our country.	Lincoln, the savior of it.
Washington, the general without fear or reproach.	Lincoln, the statesman without guile or shame.
Washington, the lion-hearted.	Lincoln, the simple-hearted.

Each was in earnest and devoted himself to his task and did it well. Each was a good man with trust in a higher power. Each was patriotic. Each was a hero in great and small things. Each ruled his own spirit as he ruled the people.



PART II

***

MISTRESS PENELOPE

COLONIAL PLAY IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS: JOHN WEATHERFORD, Colonial soldier.
MAJOR MAURICE CUMBERLAND, dashing cavalier.
SERGEANT BLITZEN, Hessian.
MASTER WILLIAM BANKS, mischievous schoolboy.
PENELOPE GRAY, Quakeress.

TIME: During American Revolution.

SCENE: Interior of schoolroom in Pennsylvania. Door L. C. back. Windows with shutters partially closed R. Desk and chair C. Books, etc., on desk. Pupils' benches arranged in diagonal rows C. and L., facing desk. Blackboard near desk in full view of window. Large woodbox with iron clamp lock R. C. back.

[*At rise of curtain,* PENELOPE *is at desk.* WILLIAM *is laboriously copying on blackboard "Taxation without representation is tyranny." As he finishes,* PENELOPE *rises and moves toward him.*]

PENELOPE. That will do, Master William. Thee has been naughty—aye, very naughty.

WILLIAM [*tearfully*]. I—I'm sorry, Mistress Penelope.

PENELOPE [*heartily*]. Bless thy little heart, of course thee is. And wilt promise never to tell a lie again? But if thee should transgress, I—I needs must shut thee in yonder woodbox, and thee knows 'tis a monstrous disagreeable place to hide.

WILLIAM. I promise to be good, Mistress Penelope.

PENELOPE. Very well, Master William. Now, run home. Loiter not, for there are many rough men hereabouts in these troublous times.

WILLIAM. I'll be careful.

PENELOPE. That is right. I charge thee to [*sweetly*].

WILLIAM. Good-by. [*Exit through door.*]

[PENELOPE *accompanies* WILLIAM *to door, and looks off L., watching him disappear.*]

PENELOPE [*musingly*]. Master William, thee is a monstrous wicked boy, and thee sorely tries my patience, yet in spite of all thy faults I love thee fondly. [*Walks slowly to desk and busies herself with books. Brief silence, broken at length by gentle tapping on window.*] What was that? Oh, I warrant 'tis Master William hatching mischief again. [*Moves toward window and speaks loudly as if to some one outside.*] Master William, when thee is locked securely in the woodbox, thee will not—[*throws open shutters while speaking. Face of* JOHN WEATHERFORD *appears at window.* PENELOPE *starts back in alarm.*] Oh! I—I——

JOHN [*quietly*]. Forgive me, Mistress Penelope, I ask your pardon; I heard the little fellow call you that, but I am in extreme danger. My enemies are close upon me, and I wish to conceal myself here in this old schoolroom till darkness shall make pursuit less easy. [*Points to blackboard.*] Surely, the teacher who sets her pupils so loyal a copy will not deny refuge to a poor Colonial soldier?

PENELOPE [*kindly*]. It is not in my heart to deny shelter to one of my country's defenders. The door stands open.

JOHN [*raising hand in remonstrance*]. Nay, gentle mistress, I prefer a less ostentatious mode. The bushes which grow close to the window here conceal my presence. I'll come in by the window, an' it please you.

PENELOPE. Enter by whatever way thee considers circumspect.

[*Enter* JOHN *through window.*]

JOHN [*fervently*]. May heaven bless you! I had well nigh

forgotten that goodness could dwell in this land, and your kindness has lightened my spirits right wondrously.

PENELOPE. I fear thy tongue's inclined to flattery.

JOHN. You misjudge me. Since sunrise I have ridden with the British at my heels. I carry to General Washington papers of the utmost importance. Back at the turn of the road my horse fell exhausted. I crept stealthily to yonder window and hid there in the vines and bushes. I did not intend to make my presence known. It was my purpose to enter after you had closed the schoolroom, but through the half-opened shutters I saw your face; I listened to your kindly precepts, and I—I vowed that my lips should speak the secret of my heart, though it cost me my life.

PENELOPE [*demurely*]. Thee is very impassioned, sir.

JOHN. Impassioned? Mistress Penelope, I swear——

PENELOPE [*archly*]. Prithee, do not. The naughty boys who swear are banished to the woodbox yonder.

JOHN [*aside*]. Ah, why not? 'Tis the very place to hide, should my pursuers pass this way. [*Turning to* PENELOPE.] Mayhap, Mistress Penelope, it may serve me well to yield to your gentle discipline. What other punishment do you inflict upon the wayward?

PENELOPE [*taking long leather strap from desk*]. Believe me, sir, I strap them with this little piece of leather, or else I bid them copy a sentence on yonder blackboard a hundred times, and 'tis no mean punishment, I warrant thee.

JOHN [*laughing*]. I should say not, indeed. I had a teacher once and she taught me to write an exercise like this:

[JOHN *steps to blackboard, and writes in form of conjugation*: "*I love, You love, He loves, We love,*" *etc.*]

PENELOPE [*reading*]. "I love, You love——"

JOHN. I ask your pardon, little Quakeress. [*Erases words "You love," and substitutes "Thee loves."*]

PENELOPE [*looks coquettishly at* JOHN]. "Thee loves" ('tis better so), "He loves, We love——"

JOHN [*with intensity*]. Yes, we love! Is there in all the languages of the world a sentence half so sweet as that? Through all the countless ages I've sought in vain for you. Why, God has had this meeting in preparation for a thousand, thousand years. Don't you know it?

PENELOPE [*shyly*]. I'm afraid I—I——

JOHN [*resolutely*]. There was a Penelope once who loved a soldier, aye, loved him so truly that her very name has come to be the symbol of patience and fidelity. Tell me, are you like her? Would you—if—if you loved me—wait as she waited for her soldier lover to come back?

PENELOPE. Thee—thee shouldst know, Friend——

JOHN [*quickly*]. John, John Weatherford's my name.

PENELOPE. Well, Friend John, women are wondrously alike, whether our lovers fight the Trojans or the British.

JOHN [*eagerly*]. You mean?——

PENELOPE [*tenderly*]. That if I loved thee, I'd be as constant as was that other Penelope who lived so long ago.

JOHN [*fervently*]. Ah, my angel, my——

PENELOPE. Nay, nay, Friend John. I like not thy assurance I said *if* I loved thee.

JOHN. *If* you loved me! Ah, Mistress Penelope, would you let that little word wreck a lover's happiness? Surely your heart pleads for me. Tell me, isn't it so?

[*Horses' hoof-beats heard outside.*]

PENELOPE. Harken, Friend John. What's that?

JOHN [*lightly*]. 'Tis my pursuers!

PENELOPE [*with agitation*]. Thy pursuers! Oh, hide quickly! [*Running to woodbox and raising cover.*] See, here's the very place.

JOHN [*bitterly*]. Why should I hide? What is there to live for except it be your love?

PENELOPE. But—but I ask thee to.

JOHN. From pity? Would you ask as much of any man?

PENELOPE [*petulantly*]. Oh, how stubborn thee is! Thee will be shot before my very eyes.

JOHN. And would you care if I were?

PENELOPE. Care? Oh, Friend John!

JOHN [*heartily*]. God bless you! I have your answer, little girl. Hide me where you will.

PENELOPE. Here. [*Leads* JOHN *to woodbox and helps him to enter.*] There, I'll not lock thee in. Keep very quiet. [JOHN *kneels in box and* PENELOPE *closes cover.*]

[*Enter* MAJOR MAURICE CUMBERLAND *through door.*]

CUMBERLAND [*graciously*]. Ah, good-morrow, my pretty little Quak'ress. Have you no smile of welcome for one of Old England's defenders?

PENELOPE [*tossing her head*]. Thee flatters thyself if thee thinks thee can win a smile so easily.

CUMBERLAND. Jove! But you have a ready wit, and merit my confidence. I'm searching for a Yankee scout—a daredevil sort of fellow—who must have passed this way. Perhaps you can give me the information I desire.

PENELOPE [*evasively*]. I fear not, sir. I've been in the schoolroom all day and my position is most secluded.

CUMBERLAND [*boisterously*]. Egad, you're right; and I feel it my duty to enliven your solitude. My companions are having their horses shod at the forge. I told them to join me here. Come, aren't you glad to see me?

PENELOPE. I—I do not like thee, sir.

CUMBERLAND [*laughing*]. Ha, ha, ha! [*Imitating* PENELOPE.] I admire thy frankness. There's many a maid in merry England would barter her very soul for Major Cumberland's favor.

PENELOPE. I'm not an English maid, sir.

CUMBERLAND. No; but you're the daintiest little Quak'ress 'twas ever my luck to encounter. Come, let me——

PENELOPE. Stop, sir!

CUMBERLAND [*mockingly*]. Thee is a very determined little Quak'ress. [*Places arm about her.*]

PENELOPE [*struggling*]. Release me, sir! I——

CUMBERLAND. 'Tis useless to struggle, my pretty. Your lips are a thousand times too tempting to——

[JOHN *throws back cover to woodbox, and rises to full height with pistol leveled at* CUMBERLAND.]

JOHN. Major Cumberland, you annoy the lady.

CUMBERLAND [*starting toward him*]. What! [*with hand on sword-hilt*]. You insolent——

JOHN. Tut, tut! Hands up! [CUMBERLAND *hesitates.*] Make haste, I'm in no humor to be trifled with. [MAJOR *slowly raises hands.*] That's better. Mistress Penelope, may I trouble you to remove the Major's pistols? [PENELOPE *removes pistols from* CUMBERLAND*'s belt, placing them on desk.*] Thank you. Now, Major, your sword.

CUMBERLAND. By heaven, sir! I'll not submit——

JOHN [*coolly*]. Oh, yes, you will, or I shall shoot in just three seconds. [*Counts.*] One, two——

CUMBERLAND [*removing sword and belt*]. Dog of a spy!

JOHN. Exactly. How nicely we understand each other! Now, I must ask you to remove your coat, my dear sir.

CUMBERLAND [*removing coat*]. Bah! You—you——

JOHN. Never mind. [*Pointing to coat.*] You may hand it to your "pretty little Quak'ress," if you wish. [PENELOPE *takes coat.*] Now, let me see. I'd like a stout piece of rope, but, unfortunately—oh, I have it! Will you lend me the strap, Mistress Penelope?

PENELOPE [*taking strap from desk*]. Thee is very welcome, Friend John. Here it is. [*Starts forward.*]

JOHN [*hastily*]. No, no. Don't leave the pistols, dear. [PENELOPE *steps back.*] That's it. Now, Major, your arms behind you, please. [MAJOR *places arms behind back.*] Good! You have the idea exactly. Mistress Penelope, will you be kind enough to raise

the pistols, one in each hand, and point them straight at the Major's head? If he makes the slightest motion, shoot. I know it's against your conscience to engage in strife, but the Major's a gentleman and will never take advantage of a lady.

[PENELOPE *raises pistols, one in each hand, and aims them at* CUMBERLAND. JOHN *lowers pistol and advances.*]

CUMBERLAND. Oh, you'll pay for this, my fine fellow. My companions will be here shortly.

JOHN [*quietly*]. Thanks, I'm glad to know it. We must hurry then. [*Takes strap from* PENELOPE *and ties* MAJOR'S *hands behind back; takes handkerchief from pocket of* MAJOR'S *coat, and from his own. He works very rapidly.*] Open your mouth, Major. Quick! I hear horsemen in the distance. [*Sound of horsemen galloping heard faintly.* JOHN *places pistol at* CUMBERLAND'S *mouth.* CUMBERLAND *opens mouth, and* JOHN *places one handkerchief in mouth, and ties the other about mouth.*] Now, into the woodbox with you! Lively, sir, lively! [*Leads* MAJOR *to woodbox.*] Lie down, if you please. [MAJOR *reclines in box.*] There. Au revoir, Major. I wish you pleasant dreams. [*Closes cover to box and fastens it with clamp. Removes coat and puts on* MAJOR'S *coat; turns to* PENELOPE.] Now, dear little girl, good-bye. The Major's horse will carry me straight to General Washington. Then I shall return here to the little schoolhouse where my gentle mistress will be waiting. Tell me, isn't it true?

PENELOPE. Yes, I—I'll be waiting for thee, Friend John, for—for—wouldst hear me say it?—I—I love thee.

JOHN [*devoutly*]. Bless you for those words.

[*Sound of approaching horsemen.*]

PENELOPE. Go. Go quickly. The soldiers are coming!

JOHN. Soldiers! What do I care for soldiers? You love me and I know no fear. I shall see your tender eyes in every star that shines above me in my lonely ride to-night.

[*They embrace. Exit* JOHN *through door.*]

PENELOPE [*watching him from door*]. Good-bye, good-bye, dear. [*Cries.*] Stop, stop, John! The soldiers are almost upon thee. Ah, how brave he is! He has mounted the Major's horse and is waving his hand to me. [*Waves hand.*] Good-bye, Good-bye, John! The soldiers have quickened their pace—no—John points toward the schoolhouse, and they are drawing rein. Oh, the Major's coat has deceived them! [*Sound of hoof-beats ceases.*]

[*Enter* SERGEANT BLITZEN *through door.*]

BLITZEN. Wie geht's, mein Fräulein? Ve vere to meet der Major here. Did he leaf any vord mit you?

PENELOPE [*quickly*]. Yes, yes. [*Looks straight before her as if thinking intently.*] The Major said that I was to tell thee that —that this Yankee spy had—had escaped across the Delaware. And that—that the chase would not be continued till morning. The Major himself will sleep at a—a friend's house in the next village. He bids thee and thy companions meet him there in the morning. Does thee understand?

BLITZEN. Ja. I vill opey der Major mit—— [*Sound of kicking in woodbox.*] Himmel! Vat vas dot?

PENELOPE [*innocently*]. Oh, that? That is one of my—er—pupils. He—he was so unruly that I—I locked him in yonder woodbox. It—it's the way I punish my naughtiest boys, and—and this one was monstrous naughty. [*Goes to woodbox and speaks sharply.*] Master William, be quiet, or I'll chastise thee more severely.

BLITZEN [*dully*]. So? Vot a clefer idea it vas! I dhank you, mein Fräulein, for your courtesies. Gute-nacht. [*Makes deep bow and exits through door.*]

PENELOPE. Good-night. [*Brief silence.*] Ah, John, thee said there was a Penelope once who loved a soldier. I wonder if she loved him half so much as I love mine? *She* was only a *little* deceitful, while I—oh! [*Stops as if overwhelmed with consterna-*

tion; shakes finger, addressing an imaginary self.] Mistress Penelope, thee must write thy copy a hundred times, for thee has told a lie to-day. [*Takes crayon and turns to blackboard.*]

CURTAIN.

CROWNING OF WASHINGTON

STANLEY SCHELL.

STAGE SETTING: Center of stage, Washington portrait set in arch or in double frame on easel or table. Wreaths of evergreens or flowers hang on arch or frame. If real flowers are scarce, use artificial flowers. Forty-six (or more, according to number of States) boys and girls, each carrying garland or wreath, take part in crowning Washington by States. Each reciter steps out from ranks, recites his verse, and places his offering. National song may be sung after this exercise, or there may be tableau finale. In this exercise, the thirteen original States come first, then the others follow in order of their admission as States into the Union.

1. DELAWARE.

   Delaware will wreathe her bays
   To tell our hero's matchless praise.

2. PENNSYLVANIA.

   Pennsylvania holds him great
   Who spurned a crown to make a state.

3. NEW JERSEY.

   New Jersey, Trenton, can't forget,
   Her hero claims her laurels yet.

4. GEORGIA.

   Georgia exalts him high
   Who made the flag of freedom fly.

5. CONNECTICUT.

Connecticut, with laurels dight,
Would keep our hero's honor bright.

6. MASSACHUSETTS.

Massachusetts, Pilgrim State,
Proclaims him hero, grand and great.

7. MARYLAND.

Maryland crowns the peaceful heart,
Unspoiled by cruel deed or art.

8. SOUTH CAROLINA.

South Carolina follows on
To wreathe a wreath for Washington.

9. NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire brings him honor, too,
In offerings sweet and true.

10. VIRGINIA.

Virginia hails her high-born son,
The proud and peerless Washington.

11. NEW YORK.

New York, a mighty empire now,
Still crowns her gallant leader's brow.

12. NORTH CAROLINA.

North Carolina's flowers are brought
To him who independence wrought.

13. RHODE ISLAND.

Rhode Island comes with willing feet
To place a garland fair and sweet.

14. VERMONT.

Vermont has come to take her stand
To crown him with a lavish hand.

15. KENTUCKY.

Kentucky would his praise prolong.
For fortitude and valor strong.

16. TENNESSEE.

Tennessee, exultant, bears
The crown a conquering hero wears.

17. OHIO.

Ohio twines with generous hand
The garlands of a goodly land.

18. LOUISIANA.

Louisiana counts the deeds
By duty done where valor leads.

19. INDIANA.

Indiana's wreaths are green
For him of grave and gentle mien.

20. MISSISSIPPI.

Mississippi tells the tale
Of glorious acts that never pale.

21. ILLINOIS.

Illinois cannot forget
That Washington is speaking yet.

22. ALABAMA.

Alabama's love is pure
For him whose fame shall aye endure.

23. MAINE.

Maine comes marching on as one
To crown immortal Washington.

24. MISSOURI.

Missouri comes with gifts of love
For Washington, all men above.

25. ARKANSAS.

Arkansas brings an offering bright
To him who struggled for the right.

26. MICHIGAN.

Michigan with love is stirred
For him who always kept his word.

27. FLORIDA.

Florida a tribute brings
To him exalted over kings.

28. TEXAS.

Texas will her honor show
To faithful friend and generous foe.

29. IOWA.

Iowa exalts the man
Who shaped his life on honor's plan.

30. WISCONSIN.

Wisconsin hangs the victor's palm
For him in peace of tumult calm.

31. CALIFORNIA.

California's thousand flowers
Will crown this patriot of ours.

32. MINNESOTA.

Minnesota will revere
The name that all the world holds dear.

33. OREGON.

Oregon brings offerings rare
For him she holds in loving care.

34. KANSAS.

Kansas speaks of duties done,
Of battles fought and victories won.

35. West Virginia.

West Virginia will proclaim
The splendors of a patriot's fame.

36. Nevada.

Nevada, from her mountain height,
Has plucked him garlands kissed with light.

37. Nebraska.

Nebraska brings from summits high
Immortal blooms that cannot die.

38. Colorado.

Colorado ever true
Will bring him flowers and garlands, too.

39. North Dakota.

North Dakota loves him well
And comes his valiant deeds to tell.

40. South Dakota.

South Dakota follows on
To crown the patriot Washington.

41. Montana.

Montana, from her mountains blue,
Has brought him love and honor, too.

42. Washington.

Washington is proud to claim
The glory of his noble name.

43. Idaho.

Idaho brings garlands fair
For him whose life's beyond compare.

44. Wyoming.

Wyoming, from her mountain height,
Would crown the man who stood for right.

45. UTAH.

Utah comes with fadeless pine
In his immortal crown to shine.

46. OKLAHOMA.

Oklahoma, with Indians brave,
Will ever stand on swelling wave.

CHORUS OF STATES.

We all will honor Washington;
His fame will ever lead us on
To better lives and nobler deeds,
To guard our land in all her needs,
To keep us ever kind and true
To friends, and home, and country, too;
In virtue strong and honor bright,
The foe of wrong, the friend for right.

We all will honor Washington,
The first in war when wrong was done;
The first in peace when freedom came,
To crown him with immortal fame;
The first in all our hearts to-day,
To bind us all as one for aye,
While truth and freedom lead us on,
We will honor Washington.

RETURN OF THE WASHINGTONS

DANCE: PAST AND PRESENT.

STANLEY SCHELL.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

HOSTESS: Black lace evening gown.

BICYCLE-GIRL: Bicycle shoes, gown and cap.

GOLF-GIRL: Golf skirt, stockings, shoes, red or green coat, with golf-stick.

DOCTOR-GIRL: Black cloth riding-habit, high black silk hat, cane.

SHIRT-WAIST GIRL: Gay shirt waist, high collar and big flashy cravat, long trailing skirts.

RAINY-DAY GIRL: Rainy-day suit, hat, boots, etc.

YACHTING-GIRL: Yachting suit and cap

HORSE-JOCKEY GIRL: Long skirt, jockey coat and cap.

LAWYER-GIRL: Cap and gown.

AUTO-GIRL: Old-fashioned close-fitting satin or fur bonnet, large goggles, long fur coat, heavy gloves, heavy shoes.

AEROPLANE-GIRL: Heavy worsted crocheted cap, long close-fitting heavy worsted coat, worsted gloves, heavy boots.

MARTHA WASHINGTON: Heavily powdered pompadour hair, fancy cap. Small black beauty-patch under eye near temple, another patch near left corner of mouth. Close-fitting brocaded basque pointed front and back (points reaching six inches below belt), bottom of basque at belt at side. White lace fichu around neck of basque, cut low and tied at breast center, ends of fichu continued to sides of belt and fastened. Sleeves tight-fitting at shoulders, gathered five inches above wrist; double ruffle at elbow, and gathered in middle, half of ruffle above and half below elbow. White satin or ruffled lace petticoat exposed whole length of front of skirt. Brocade skirt gathered all around belt with three-inch ruffle down whole length both sides of front, which is open whole length to floor, showing front of petticoat. Sides and back of gown trail on floor.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: White powdered wig with queue tied with black velvet bow. Snuff-colored satin coat, double breasted, swallow tails reaching to knee, pointed lapels, high, wide turn-over collar, green cuffs, lace ruffles at end of sleeves. Between coat-lapels is high lace stock with deep fancy lace ruffles or jabot. Coat ends in front four inches above belt-line, displaying bottom of white satin single-breasted vest. Pale-blue satin breeches ending just below knee and buttoned outside of knee. White satin stockings. Low black shoes with large silver or diamond buckles. Black three-cornered hat. Long (shoulder-high) white-wood cane with fancy jeweled top.

On stage back R. and L. two large gilded picture-frames, five feet apart, reaching from floor to ceiling and large enough for

man or woman to stand in and look like painted pictures. Dark stage wood-work. Between frames is mantel under old-fashioned looking-glass. Below mantel, where fire-place should be, large fire-screen. Portieres over entrances R. and L. side center. Colonial furniture; tête-à-tête sofa near R. side center.

SCENE.

As curtain rises, HOSTESS rushes about room, followed by LOUISE, the maid, who dusts here and there. In frames are GEORGE and MARTHA WASHINGTON, who stand perfectly still like real paintings.

HOSTESS [*excited*]. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do? It seems as though everything goes at sixes and sevens when I give a reception. And the girls of to-day are so different from what they were in father's day. [*Looks at paintings of* GEORGE *and* MARTHA WASHINGTON.] Now, I wish these two lovely people would come to life, and teach us how they did in the good old days. Oh, dear! [*Turns hastily away.*] Here, Louise, take out that cloth and duster. Hurry, there's the door-bell! [LOUISE *rushes out one door as "up-to-date" girls rush in at another.*]

GIRLS. How do you do? How do you do? We're so glad to see you.

[*Each girl, according to character represented, strides, or whirls golf-stick, looks learned, etc., as extremely humorous as possible.*]

HOSTESS. Oh, I'm so glad to see you all! [*Talks to each girl in turn. Meanwhile one of the girls, not talked to, stalks or strides forward and tells what she enjoys doing or being.*]

BICYCLE-GIRL [*with mannish manners*]. It takes me to find out when a feller is trying to work a bluff. Charlie Brown was so sweet yesterday when he sat at table in that country inn near Riverside. I bluffed him off, just as I did the others. Oh, bicycling is such fun! [*Bends over, as if riding wheel and moves handle-bars. Moves back and acts as if talking to other girls.*]

GOLF-GIRL. Ah, dearie me, that caddie wearied us to-day, but

you ought to have seen me putting! My! Oh! No one gets a show where I am. [*Pantomimes playing golf.*]

DOCTOR-GIRL [*adjusting eye-glasses and looking learned*]. Oh, my! I really, really think Mrs. Jones has the pip—pip—— Oh, no, no, what am I thinking about?—pip!—who ever heard of a woman having pip?—still that is not bad. I think, however, I'll give her "aqua fortes"—"fortes"—dear me, well, I'm weak in my Latin, but people might not know the difference and it's so learned to talk in Latin. [*Strides about stage and raises glasses to eyes, looking around.*]

SHIRT-WAIST GIRL. I say, Nell! You can just bet on me. I'm the girl up-to-date. [*Puts hands into side-pockets in shirt and struts about.*]

RAINY-DAY GIRL. You may talk all you like about up-to-date, but you are certainly behind me in style. You know the rainy daisies are the newest things. [*Whirls rapidly around and steps back.*]

YACHTING-GIRL. Oh, you Nell, I'm ahead of you after all, for you know the yachting-girl is the best of all, for [*sings*] "We sail the ocean blue, our gallant yacht's a beauty." [*Rolls back and forward and from side to side as if on yacht.*]

HORSE-JOCKEY GIRL [*whistles*]. You girls make me tired. I'm the swellest thing, you see—whoa, there, go long, whoa, horsey, see dat! Hurray! I'm the winner. [*Pantomimes driving horse.*]

LAWYER-GIRL. You're not in it, this time. I'm just out. A lawyer. [*Poses as if addressing judge and jury.*] Your Honor and Gentlemen of the Jury, my client has been cruelly treated by him, the man she calls husband. [*Adjusts eye-glasses and looks over them at imaginary man in scornful manner.*]

AUTO-GIRL. I can lay more claim to speed and knowledge than any of you. I can get anywhere in the shortest time. [*Pantomimes getting ready to start auto, then starting and going.*]

AEROPLANE-GIRL. You're not in it, dear, with me. I'm the newest thing you see, and the swiftest, and the highest, and the flyest. I cover more space in a short time than any human being

can possibly cover in any other way. I'm a bird. [*Bell suddenly chimes.*]

HOSTESS. There, there, it's twelve o'clock; why, what's that?

[*All turn and look toward pictures of* GEORGE *and* MARTHA WASHINGTON. As they look, pictures move from *frames, and step directly and slowly forward. Minuet is played.* HOSTESS *and guests look frightened.* GEORGE *and* MARTHA *clasp hands, bow low to hostess and guests.* GEORGE *speaks.*]

GEORGE. My dear Madam [*bows low*], it is our pleasure to join you to-night a little while to see what people are now doing in a social way. We have heard that present-day people are much more advanced, particularly in dancing. It would afford us much pleasure to see you dance.

HOSTESS. Dear George Washington and Mrs. Washington, we feel honored by your presence and we beg of you [*looks at guests, who nod*], that you lead in dancing. Show us the way you danced in the good dear old days that my honored father talked about so often. Then my guests will dance for you the very latest dance.

GEORGE. My dear Madam, we shall be pleased to dance for you, but we fear you will not care for our old-fashioned ways. [*Minuet is played.* GEORGE *and* MARTHA *dance; others look on delighted.*]

[*At finish of dance music changes, while young people and* HOSTESS *clap heartily.* MARTHA *and* GEORGE *look at each other startled, then sit on sofa. Modern music is played, and changes for different dances. Girls swing off first two-step, then polka, then gallop, then waltz, then Virginia Reel,* GEORGE *and* MARTHA *looking on surprised. When reel is finished, girls rush forward and ask how they like up-to-date dances.* GEORGE *and* MARTHA *rise and look first at guests and* HOSTESS *and then at each other;* MARTHA *speaks.*]

MARTHA. My dears, I fear, if the dancing you have just done is up-to-date, we much prefer [*looks at* GEORGE, *who bows*] our old-fashioned dance.

[*Bell chimes,* MARTHA *and* GEORGE *courtesy low, back slowly together, then take positions in frames to soft minuet music. While they are doing this,* HOSTESS *and guests look sorrowfully at their departure. When* GEORGE *and* MARTHA *are in position,* HOSTESS *turns to guests.*]

HOSTESS. Girls, I know they are right, your dancing after that dainty, delightful minuet, was hoydenish. I, for one, prefer the old-fashioned——

GUESTS. And I too.

CURTAIN.

WASHINGTON AND HIS FRIENDS.

OLIVE E. DANA.

DIRECTIONS: On walls of stage are pictures of men to be mentioned, placing Washington at stage back center. After finishing a speech, person speaking places wreath over one corner of picture of person he has been speaking about.

SINGING: "Ode to Washington." Music by Benjamin B. Davis.
[See page 75.]

RECITATION: "Washington".....Hezekiah Butterworth
[See page 48.]

SPEECH 1:

The tendency of greatness is towards isolation. The great man seeks to stand apart from his contemporaries, as well as to tower above them. This is especially the case when we look backward to Washington and to his time. The years, which have seemed to dwarf all lesser men, only bring his figure into nobler relief. But this, which very often is true of our heroes, is sometimes mistaken for the fact when the reality is quite otherwise. For, as we look at our hero more closely, we shall often find that he did not work alone—that there were associated with him men of purpose and temper akin to his own, who shared his valor and his patriotism, if not the supreme quality of his genius or self-devotion. This is preëminently true of Washington, and it is, indeed, one of the

measures of his greatness. He stands forth in colossal proportions among men who, in less strenuous times, would themselves have been accounted leaders and heroes. Thinkers, patriots, lovers of their country and of their kind they were; men of rare insight and prevision; careful and sagacious, yet daring and resourceful; ready and unerring in the application of great principles to immediate needs and practical uses. It is fitting that their names should be remembered, and their work recalled, when we celebrate the birthday of Washington, for they shared with him the task, the burden, the high and enduring honor of shaping our republic; of achieving its freedom, of establishing the charter of its liberties, of formulating its fundamental laws; and especially of defending and interpreting those principles of justice and equality of which it is so signal an incorporation.

SINGING: "Welcome to Washington's Birthday."

[See page 118]

SPEECH 2:

To include even those whose service seems most indispensable, we must go back to near the beginning of the eighteenth century, and recall the men who first fanned the first slow fires of liberty, and who lighted the first flickering torches of resistance for the long, toilsome journey toward independence. These men were the vanguard of freedom, nor is it easy to see how the hope and the passion of liberty could have been kept alive in the hearts of the people without the example and exhortation of such patriots as these men were. It was because the common people had become one in their conscientious resistance to oppression, in their intolerance of tyranny, in their purpose of realizing the republic their forefathers had founded, and of preserving for their children a nobler heritage than their own, that the "embattled farmers" could so quickly be rallied at Concord, that the Virginian commonwealth lavished its substance and pledged its strength, and that the valor of Yorktown and the endurance of Trenton were made inevitable. The career of Washington is familiar to us all. His very virtues,

lustrous as they are, are well-nigh in danger of becoming meaningless and trite in the repetition, albeit he has given to the world one of its noblest, loftiest ideals of valor, of patriotism, of self-mastery, of honor, of invincible purpose, and of consecration of high ends, which its crowded annals, antique or modern, can show us. But it may well be that these co-workers of his will help us to better appreciate the greatness of his task, the severity of the crisis he seems divinely commissioned to meet, and the splendid supremacy of his personality.

SPEECH 3:
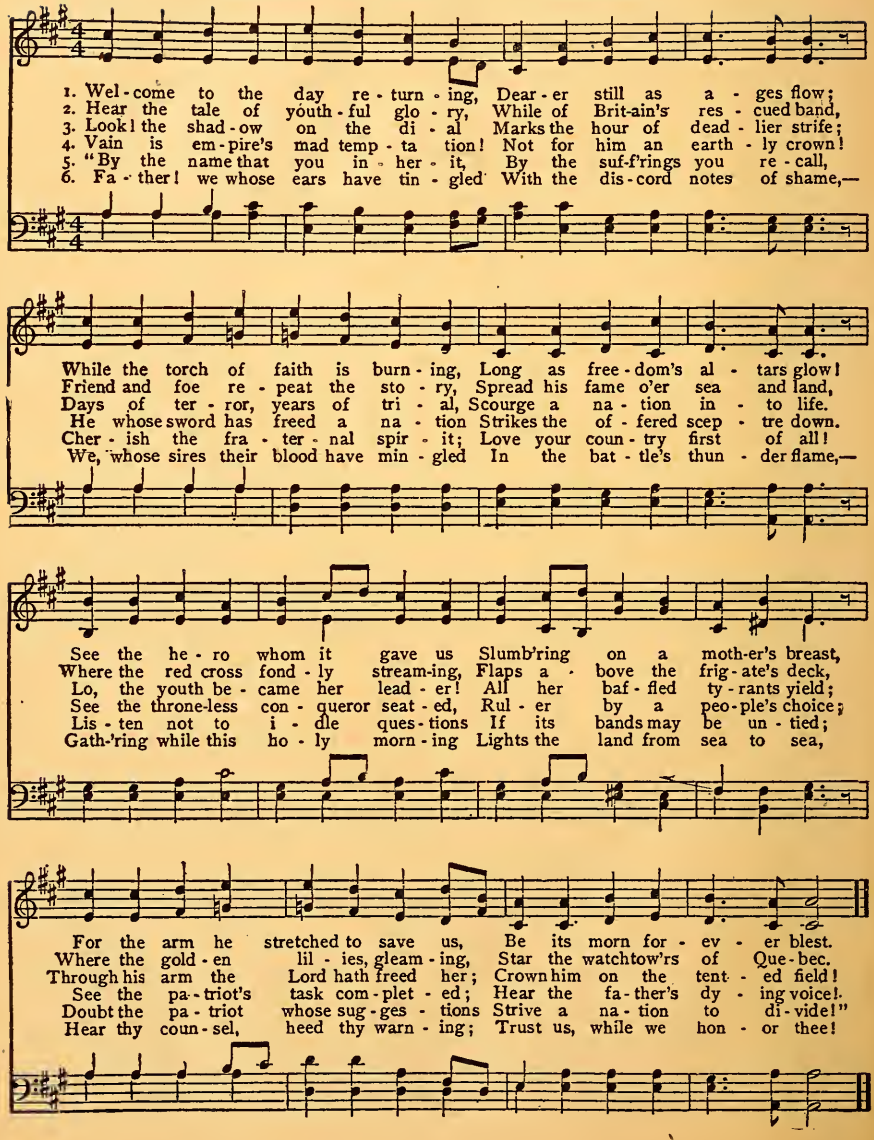
We will summon James Otis, the Father of the Revolution, one of the most ardent pioneers of independence, and one of the earliest to suffer in its behalf. He was born in 1725, was a Boston lawyer of marked ability and early distinction, an ardent patriot, and a fearless protestant against the growing wrongs of the colonists. He made a notable speech in denunciation of the "Writs of Assistance" in 1761, and was equally impetuous in his condemnation of the Stamp Act. His pen, too, which was virile and busy, did excellent service. It was for this that he suffered assault in 1769, anticipating the sacrifices of his compatriots in the struggle he had so nobly induced.

[See page 177.]

SPEECH 4:

We cannot forget the gallant young Virginian, Patrick Henry, the foremost orator of his times, first speaker of the Continental congress, and captivating all hearts by his vehement and eloquent protest against the Stamp Act. He was born in 1736, and died in the same year with that greater Virginian, George Washington. His service to his own commonwealth constitutes a not inconsiderable part of his public work, and the things he did not do only prove how thorough was his disinterestedness, and how sincere his devotion to what he believed the true course and ideal for the nation. The name of Patrick Henry is a synonym for youthful patriotism, and men have not ceased to thrill at the repetition of his burning words.

WELCOME TO WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.



ADDRESS: "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death"..Patrick Henry.
[See page 179.]

SPEECH 5:

By his side in our Revolutionary Valhalla, hangs the portrait of his brother-patriot of Massachusetts—Samuel Adams. He was born in Boston in 1722, was a graduate of Harvard in 1740, and on receiving his higher degree from that college three years later, argued that it was "lawful to resist the supreme magistrate if the commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved." It was he to whom belongs the honor of proposing, in the general court of Massachusetts, the summoning of the first Continental congress.

SPEECH 6:

Nor may we omit the mention of his friend, John Hancock, whose portrait Copley painted. He was the first president of the State of Massachusetts.

TABLEAUX: Characters (properly costumed) already spoken of should pass slowly across stage.

SPEECH 7:

We come now to the men who shared with Washington the vicissitudes of war; who were his companions in danger, his supporters in peril; who bore with him, in their measure, the perils of battles and the responsibilities of command. The time is insufficient for even the enumeration of these heroes of Bunker Hill and of Yorktown, of Trenton and of Valley Forge. They were men who needed not to be coaxed or praised, flattered or reassured. They might be spoken to as men and soldiers, and it was as such, with a gravity that declares both his temper and their own, that he addressed them.

ADDRESS: Washington's Address to His Troops.....Washington
[See page 181.]

SINGING: "Hail, Starry Flag".....By the School
[Words and music in "Flag-Day Program" (35c.).]

SPEECH 8:

To some of them were entrusted responsibilities of leadership

and strategy that forbid us to quite lose sight of the men who bore them. There are Ethan Allen and John Stark, Anthony Wayne and Francis Marion; there are Richard Montgomery and Horatio Gates and Nathaniel Greene. And here is the gallant young captain Paul Jones. It was he who first hoisted the American flag over an American warship; and it was he who received the first salute ever paid our ensign by a foreign man-of-war. While it is equally impossible to lose sight of the picturesque Lafayette, the young nobleman who so freely, for freedom's sake, pledged his service to an uncertain cause. He came to America in 1777 to take part with the Colonists in their war of independence. The friendship of Washington exercised a great influence over the development of his mind and the formation of his opinions. The declaration of war between France and Great Britain gave him an opportunity of aiding the new Republic effectually.

SPEECH 9:

And now we come to a group of grave and thoughtful men who stood near to Washington through many troublous years; who composed the national councils; who were the helpers and the friends of the president his life long. Their work may seem less brilliant and striking, but it is certainly not less indispensable. With them Washington shares the unique and high honor of moulding the new republic, of directing its earliest advances, of interpreting its foundation principles. Here is Benjamin Franklin, one of the most striking figures in our whole history. The notable and varied service he rendered to his countrymen has often obscured the loyal aid he gave his country in her every need, but it was not less invaluable. We may not forget that he was the pioneer of American science; that the key with which he unlocked the secret of the clouds was the key to all the treasures of modern electricity, and has opened the door to its myriad applications. We ought not to leave out of the account his truly American thrift and ambition, nor the wholesome influence of his example and counsels on his contemporaries, and even on their descendants.

We must not forget that he was the projector of our mail system. But any or all of these, we can but believe, might better have been spared or deferred, than that we had lost his influence in the Continental congress and among the people at large; his distinguished diplomatic service, his part in obtaining the treaty with France in 1788, and in securing that of 1783 as well. His eminently useful life fell between the years 1706 and 1790. He was a signer both of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution, and he was ever a friend of popular education.

SPEECH 10:

We must not omit Robert Morris, a name less familiar, who, a friend of Washington, when the latter wrote him of the straits to which he and his heroic army had become reduced, late in the dark year of 1776, hurried from door to door, in the dawn of the New Year's morning, and obtained from his friends a loan of fifty thousand dollars to relieve the necessities of the American army, and to reinstate their commander in their now sorely-tried confidence.

SPEECH 11:

We shall not overlook John Adams, second President of the United States, and in many respects so like Washington that his administration seems like a continuation of that of our first chief magistrate. His work, however, had begun much earlier. He was born in 1722, and was a man of ability so marked that special efforts were put forth to win him to the side of the loyalists, but without avail. He was a member also of the first Congress, and for a term of years was in the diplomatic service abroad. Afterwards he became one of the earliest leaders of the Federalists.

SPEECH 12:

After him we recall the name of Alexander Hamilton, whose influence in obtaining the popular support of the Constitution, and whose sagacity in forecasting the establishing of the financial policy of the new government, it is hardly possible to overestimate.

And the name, too, of the framer of the Constitution, James Madison, the fourth President. And, not less preëminent, the unique and enduring work of John Marshall, chief justice of the United States from 1800 to 1835, to whom, more really than to any other, belongs the title of the Interpreter of the Constitution. There are many others who might be named, but one striking personality remains, whose influence surely cannot be forgotten in any recapitulation of the forces which have made our government what it is. Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, and whose principles were so precious to him, was a quite unique and indispensable factor in the establishment of these truths and kindred ones in our law and practice. He was born in 1755, was a person of much and varied ability, and in his own life conformed strictly to the austere and equalizing principles which, he believed, should be observed in a country like our own. He was our third President, and the first whose inauguration signified a change of party, but the transference was effected with remarkable ease. It was during his administration that the area of the United States was more than doubled by the acquisition of the Louisiana Territory. His magistracy, like all his life, was characterized by great plainness and simplicity. To this day the name of Jefferson is regarded as synonymous with the principles of true equality and justice.

Speech 14:

It is among these men and such as these that Washington stands, his preëminence becoming only more eminent by reason of the eminence of their character, attainments, and patriotic service. Without his, we must believe that their efforts would have been of little avail. To their several endeavors he gave direction, unity and effectiveness. It was his judgment that constituted, in all their councils, the final appeal. His fame must remain as high above theirs as theirs transcends that of ordinary men. His story is one with that of our nation itself, and his character is an ideal of honor and of courage, of self-mastery and patriotism. He was,

indeed, "a calm, straightforward man—the most suitable instrument of the national life at every moment of crisis—a great American."

SINGING: "America."

[Words and music in "Flag-Day Program" (35c.).]

TABLEAUX VIVANTS AND SCENES FROM LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

STANLEY SCHELL.

SCENE I.—CHERRY-TREE.

CHARACTERS: MR. WASHINGTON, George's father (large boy), GEORGE WASHINGTON (small boy).

COSTUMES: MR. WASHINGTON, in satin Continental costume, cocked hat, gray wig, large cane, black silk stockings, black patent-leather pumps, with big buckles. GEORGE in same costume as father, but right fit.

MUSIC: "America."

[Use "America." Words and music in "Flag-Day Program" (35c.).]

SCENE: Orchard, fallen cheery-tree in foreground. As curtain rises MR. WASHINGTON walks about orchard admiring trees. Suddenly he discovers fallen tree; steps quickly forward, looks at tree, his face taking on severe frown, thumps cane on ground.

MR. WASHINGTON [*in tones of thunder*]. Who has dared to cut down my favorite cherry-tree? Who has dared? [*Thumps cane on ground. Puts top of cane against nose as if thinking.*] I reckon I know who did it. It looks like his work. I wonder if he has done any more mischief? [*Walks about stage looking at different trees. Whistling is heard.*] Ah, here comes the little mischief. [GEORGE *skips in swinging hatchet. Acts as if looking for something more to cut. Suddenly he discovers father, and stops short.*]

GEORGE. Good morning, sir.

MR. WASHINGTON. Good morning, lad. Do you see that tree? Who has cut down my favorite tree? Did you do it? [GEORGE *hangs head in shame.*] Come here, my lad, come here. [GEORGE *approaches, swinging hatchet behind him.*] Did you cut that tree? [*Raps cane hard on ground.* GEORGE *puts finger into mouth and looks down in shame.*] My boy, do not deceive me. If you have cut down my tree, say so. Better own up and take your punishment like a man.

GEORGE [*shows distress, brings hatchet into view, looks at it for a moment, straightens in manly way*]. Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet.

MR. WASHINGTON. Noble boy, come to my arms! I had rather you had cut down all my cherry-trees than that you tell one lie. [*Catches* GEORGE *in arms and hugs him. Hatchet falls to ground. Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—DELAWARE RIVER.

CHARACTERS: GEORGE WASHINGTON, commander, and Soldiers.

COSTUMES: Continental Commander. Continental Soldiers.

MUSIC: "Yankee Doodle."
[Words and music in "Flag-Day Program" (35c.).]

SCENE: Marine background with angry waves (blue muslin) on which is boat. Foreground also has waves, but less angry. Curtain rises on WASHINGTON, tall, straight and steady, in prow of boat looking across river; arms folded; wears long cloak, high-top boots, turned-up hat, sword. Above him waving flag. Soldiers, sometimes gazing at water and sometimes ahead, row vigorously.

MUSIC: "See, the Conquering Hero Comes."
[Words and music in "Flag-Day Program" (35c.).]

SCENE III.—VALLEY FORGE.

CHARACTERS: GEORGE WASHINGTON, commander, and Soldiers.

COSTUMES: WASHINGTON in cloak and top boots. Soldiers very ragged.

MUSIC: "Hold the Fort."

SCENE: Winter encampment background. Foreground left, shabby-looking tent, flap fastened back, opening toward audience. Log on floor and three-legged stand holding lighted candle stuck in bottle. Foreground covered with snow (bits of cotton). On rise of curtain WASHINGTON sits on log in tent, map spread on knees, trying to solve his difficulties. Outside tent are ragged soldiers lying on ground, some in torn blankets, others without blankets, and with heads bandaged, arms in slings, some barefooted, others with makeshifts for shoes. Wind howls. Sleeping men huddle down and shiver. Solitary sentinel, feet showing, bloody and ragged clothes, carrying musket, marches to and fro, bravely enduring suffering, watching out carefully.

SCENE IV.—SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.

CHARACTERS: WASHINGTON, LAFAYETTE, ROCHAMBEAU, CORNWALLIS, American soldiers and British soldiers.

COSTUMES: WASHINGTON and American soldiers in Continental soldier costumes; CORNWALLIS and army in British soldier costumes; LAFAYETTE, that of French army commander; ROCHAMBEAU, that of French naval commander.

MUSIC: "Yankee Doodle," "Star-Spangled Banner."
[Words and music of both songs in "Flag-Day Program" (35c.).]

SCENE: Background of two armies. British L., American R., well back; wide space between armies. Behind armies, houses and hills. Each army has its own flags. Curtain rises on tableau right side center. WASHINGTON stands with extended hand, behind him LAFAYETTE, ROCHAMBEAU and other aides. Facing him at stage center is CORNWALLIS with hat in hand and surrendering sword. Behind CORNWALLIS, and nearer stage left front, stand two of CORNWALLIS's aides with uplifted hats; behind them flag-bearer with British flag furled and uplifted. Behind them, at stage left front corner, appears some of the band wearing tall fur hats, with backs toward audience, but with eyes on WASHINGTON, and drums in position ready for playing.

SCENE V.—AT TRENTON.

CHARACTERS: WASHINGTON, attendants, and children.

COSTUMES: WASHINGTON and generals in black satin costumes. Children in white Colonial dresses, carrying baskets of flowers.

MUSIC: "See, the Conquering Hero Comes."
[Words and music in "Flag-Day Program" (35c.).]

SCENE: Country background with house at left back corner. Arch at stage center, going back obliquely to right back corner. Arch covered with flowers. At front of arch high up motto: "The Defender of the Mothers Will be the Preserver of the Daughters." Foreground immediately in front of arch is covered with flowers. Curtain rises on WASHINGTON standing at center of arch bowing and smiling. His generals are behind him also smiling. At right and left sides of stage stand rows of happy children. Rows run parallel with sides of stage and begin back of each side of arch. Some children wave hands and others throw roses and other flowers on ground over which WASHINGTON must go.

SINGING: "Welcome, Mighty Chief".....By the Children.
[Tune: "America."]

Welcome, mighty chief, once more,
Welcome to this happy shore;
Now no mercenary foe
Aims again the fatal blow,—
Aims at thee the fatal blow.

Virgins fair and matrons grave,
Those thy conquering arm did save,
Build for thee triumphal bowers;
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers,—
Strew your hero's way with flowers.

[*Children strew flowers on path at feet of* WASHINGTON *who lifts and kisses a little girl. Curtain falls.*]

SCENE VI.—FIRST INAUGURAL.

CHARACTERS: GEORGE WASHINGTON, MARTHA WASHINGTON, and any number of men and women.

COSTUMES: Colonial costumes. *Women:* Hair, high pompadour, powdered, curls at neck, and bejewelled or high plumes. Wat-

teau back, long train, surplice effect at neck and front; open over fancy petticoat. Elbow sleeves and deep ruffles. *Men:* Black breeches, waistcoat faced with gay satin and lace at sleeves, light silk stockings, low shoes with big buckles; watch-fob; white satin single-breasted vest; stock at neck; sword; hair white and in cue; three-cornered hat at chest. WASHINGTON'S costume is coat and breeches of plain black velvet, white or pearl-covered satin-embroidered waistcoat, black stockings, silver buckles at knees, low shoes with large silver buckles, white or buff gloves, long sword in scabbard of polished white leather, worn under coat. Carries cocked hat in hand.

MUSIC: "The Minuet."

SCENE: Ball-room. Platform at right front. Candles at side of room in many-branched holders. Curtain rises on WASHINGTON at stage center dancing minuet with a lady. Hands are joined and raised between them, WASHINGTON'S left foot is forward and resting on toe. Holds hat in right hand somewhat out, other hand uplifted. Lady has left hand uplifted, and right hand down holding skirt slightly out while left foot is pointed out toward WASHINGTON. She looks at WASHINGTON. Around sides of room are other guests, looking on or laughing and talking. On platform is MARTHA WASHINGTON, fanning quietly, conversing with several ladies. Music plays awhile, then with WASHINGTON and lady as center group, and several guests as side groups, minuet is danced, others looking on smiling or tapping feet in unison.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SUPPER PARTY.

INVITATIONS: Limited to thirteen. HOSTESS makes the fourteenth.

COSTUMES: HOSTESS, as Goddess of Liberty. Thirteen guests in Colonial costumes, decorated with ribbons suitable to occasion.

DIRECTIONS: Guests, entering drawing-room, each receive a card on which is written a sentence representing name of State guest is asked to guess.

ROOM DECORATIONS: American Flags and pictures of George and Martha Washington.

Card Sentences.

"The Granite State."—New Hampshire.
"The Bay State."—Massachusetts.
"The Nutmeg State."—Connecticut.
"Little Rhody."—Rhode Island.
"The Empire State."—New York.
"The Razor-back State."—New Jersey.
"The Keystone State."—Pennsylvania.
"The Blue Hen State."—Delaware.
"The Line State."—Maryland.
"The Old Dominion State."—Virginia.
"The Tar State."—North Carolina.
"The Palmetto State."—South Carolina.
"The Cracker State."—Georgia.

Supper is served after names have been guessed.

Table Decorations.

On center of table is jar holding green plant on which are candied cherries fastened with fine wires. Cherry-shaped leaves, cut out of tissue paper and pasted on edge of white paper mats, small enough to be covered by base of candle-sticks or of fairy lamps, placed on them. Cherry-colored lamp-shades. On different parts of table are bunches of crackers tied with cherry-colored ribbon on little plates. Card on which is written question suitable to occasion is inside of every napkin.

Sample Questions.

"In what order were the thirteen States received into the Union?"

"In what year was Washington born?"

"Where is the cradle of Liberty?"

Likewise the dishes are to suggest the occasion.

Supper Favors.

Card-board hatchets with long handles (about ten inches long). One side of blade is painted silver-color about an inch up, and bright red rest of the way. Print on handle, in full, name of State represented by guest sitting in that place. On reverse side print menu.

SUGGESTIVE MENU.

"O Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."—Oysters.
"Fourth of July Delights."—Crackers.
"Croquettes de l'American Eagle."—Chicken.
"O for Peace."—Peas.
"General Green Salad."—Lettuce and Celery.
"Lafayette Dressing."—French dressing.
"Revolutionary Cannon Balls."—Cheese balls.
"American Ice."—Lemon ice covered with cherries.
"Washington-Pie." "Liberty Cake."
"Old Government Java."

Before being served, guests guess what's coming. After food is guessed, it is served. At end of supper and when coffee is served, cards, found in napkins, are to be read, and HOSTESS asks each guest in turn for answer. Whenever any guest cannot answer, HOSTESS informs guest of answer. At close of guessing, HOSTESS gives one who has made most correct guesses a prize (such as toy hatchet, photograph of Mount Vernon, or of Washington, or box of candied cherries with artificial cherries on cover).

RECIPES.

Liberty-Cake is made same as any pound-cake, but with icing of red, white and blue.

Washington-Pie is made like layer cake, very thin crust for bottom, then layer of custard, then layer of cake, then layer of white icing. Pie is made in large, flat, square pan; and, when done, is about 1½ inches thick. On icing is traced, in red, "Washington." HOSTESS cuts and serves pie.

OUR LITTLE HERO.

[*One girl recites first three lines, all girls recite last line.*]

[*To music of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" (40c.), boys and girls march to stage and take positions—girls standing, one back of another on right; boys, one back of another on left. Each girl has small bunch of cherries in belt; each boy small hatchet in buttonhole.*]

[*One girl recites first three lines, all last line.*]

We know some famous fruit that grows,
In stormy Februaries,
So red and round, the sweetest found—
The Washingtonian Cherries!

[*Girls, all singing, hold cherries high, march forward three steps, then backward three steps, to chorus of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."*]

All in step, we girls come marching,
Little patriots, every one,
Stirring little songs to sing,
Thanks and praise and love to bring
To the hero of the cherries—Washington!

[*One boy recites first three, all boys recite last line.*]

We know a famous weapon small,
In sharpness none can match it,
So brave and bold, it can't grow old,
The Washingtonian Hatchet!

[*Boys, all singing, hold hatchets high, march forward three steps, then backward three steps, to chorus of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."*]

All in step, we boys come marching,
Little patriots, every one,
Stirring little songs to sing,
Thanks and praise and love to bring
To the hero of the hatchet—Washington!

[*Girls hold cherries high, boys carrying hatchets over shoulders, march across stage toward each other, bow to each other, and march two and two about stage, or room. Come back to stage, and sing while marching and forming in straight line across front, alternating boys and girls.*]

Left, right, left, we all come marching,
Little patriots, etc.
To our loyal, little hero, Washington.

[*All march out for a moment, then return and perform "Hatchet and Cherry-Branch Drill and Pantomime" (see below.)*]

HATCHET AND CHERRY-BRANCH DRILL AND PANTOMIME.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STANLEY SCHELL.

COSTUMES: Colonial costumes with three-cornered hats. If Colonial costumes are not convenient, ordinary costumes may be worn. Boys carry hatchets, girls carry cherry-tree branches bearing red cherries.

STAGE-SETTING: Grass on stage floor. Large tree-trunk in stage center. Tub in which tree-trunk stands is hidden by pots of flowering geraniums. Pots of flowers at stage front. Long bench stage right.

MUSIC: "My Bonnie" (see page 53) played throughout drill.

1. Cherry-branch girls dance in with waltz step, dancing a few steps right forward, a few steps left forward; then, making complete whirl on place, again dance forward a few steps right, forward a few steps left, making another whirl on place, and so on, going entirely round stage in circular form.

2. When girls reach stage back center, they form in couples and trip to tree in center of stage. First couple passes to right and stands swaying cherry-branches. Second couple passes to left and stands swaying cherry-branches. Third couple passes to front center of stage and stands swaying cherry-branches. Fourth couple stands back of tree swaying cherry-branches. If more than four couples are in drill, other couples take positions between first four couples so that all positions appear harmonious to audience.

DRILL.

(*a*) Sway toward tree with deep courtesy, waving cherry-branches toward tree, touching floor with tops of branches.

(*b*) Sway away from tree in opposite direction, as if to depart, touching floor with tops of branches. Resume upright position.

(*c*) Couples turn back to back, lift branches straight front and revolve on place once by way of right, once by way of left, waving branches as they revolve.

(*d*) Couples join arms, branches in outside hands. Cross branches in front; wave branches right and left; cross branches; wave branches, etc., all round stage, also as couples pass other couples. On meeting, one couple passes inside and around other couple.

(*e*) When back in place, all couples separate and form one large circle around tree. Rollicking music is played as all girls scamper to tree. Some girls climb on tub, fixing their branches in place; other girls stand below waiting until girls get down from tub, then they fix their branches in place, and cherry-tree is finished.

(*f*) All girls join hands, scamper wildly around tree, separate, and exit, waltzing in couples.

(*g*) Music (see page 53) is again played. Boys with hatchets creep in, use hatchets on everything, whacking right and left. After one complete circle of stage, boys drop to floor as if exhausted.

(*h*) One boy, discovering cherry-tree, points it out to other boys, who spring to feet, creep Indian fashion, hatchets extended toward tree.

[Music of Indian dance is played. See "Hiawatha Entertainments" (35c.).]

(*i*) Boys sidestep around tree, giving Indian grunts.

(*j*) Boys sidestep around tree in reverse order.

(*k*) Boys stand still and give Indian war-whoop.

(*l*) Boys spring toward tree and begin to whack with hatchets. Every boy gets branch of tree, falls in behind another boy, and "Indian-step" around tree.

(*m*) Music on page 53 is played. Boys stand erect as girls rush on stage despairingly waving hands and pointing at tree. Girls turn on boys, pantomiming their demand for cherry-branches held by boys. Boys offer hatchets, which are rejected by girls, who cover faces with hands and sob. Boys yield up branches and offer arms to girls. Girls take branches, also boys' arms.

(*n*) Girls, holding branches at side, boys with hatchets held high out at side, trip around tree, once by way of right, once by way of left.

(*o*) Half of the boys and girls form group to right of tree, other half to left of tree, one couple of each side forming curve near tree front.

(*p*) While preceding figure (*"o"*) is forming, boy, impersonating Washington and holding big cherry-branch, trips in and climbs on tub in front of tree. He smiles and waves branch at groups, who likewise smile and wave branches, as if in salute.

(*q*) Boy, impersonating Washington, recites "When General Washington Was Young" (see page 28).

(*r*) Boys separate from groups and form semicircle around front of tree. All boys recite in concert three stanzas of poem on page 54, beginning "I chopped a young tree in the orchard."

(*s*) Boys move back to girls and pose with girls as follows:

1. Girls, holding branches high, form bunch in center. Boys kneel outside girls, and, with hatchets extended, look appealingly up at girls.
2. Girls run out between kneeling boys, waving branches as

they go. Boys spring to feet, form group in center (where girls were), backs together, facing out. Girls meanwhile return, and, with branches laid low on floor, humbly kneel at feet of boys who hold hatchets extended over girls.

3. Boys stand erect, place hatchets into belt, offer hands to kneeling girls, who rise and hold branches against hips. Boys also hold hatchets against hips, and all, boys and girls in couples, waltz off stage.

PROGRESSIVE WASHINGTON PARTY.

Cherry-Tree Contest.

Entertainment is founded on the ever-famous cherry-tree incident. Hostess provides, in advance of party, evergreen tree and stands it upright in flower-pot. Candied cherries are fastened with silk thread to branches, cherries hanging two inches from branches. Guests are blindfolded, each in turn, whirled around three times, given scissors, and told to clip, without touching tree with hands, as many cherries as possible in three minutes. Guest that has cut most cherries gets as prize box of candied cherries.

Big-Story Feature.

Fun of this game rests on tradition that Washington could not tell a lie. Guests are asked to draw chairs into circle and vie in telling the absurdest yarns. Hostess, or committee (who must be non-contestants), decide, awarding prize to person whose story is poorest. Explanation is made that this award is made because Washington was poor hand at telling stories, and, therefore, all patriotic persons should be like him.

Burying the Hatchet.

Hatchet-shaped candy-box is needed. Guests are divided into sections, one section going to another room, other section hiding hatchet. First section returns and makes five guesses as to place

of hatchet. If any guess is right, a point is won; if no guess is right, nothing is won. Second section goes out, and, on returning, becomes guessers. Each section has three turns. Winning section then decides which person is to have prize.

Washington Memory Test.

For this question-game guests receive tiny flags (may be cut from water-color paper), red, white and blue on one side, and question written or printed on other side. Following questions are suggested; other questions may be substituted or added.

Questions.

1. In what State was Washington born?
2. In what year was he born?
3. What was the profession of his father?
4. What was the maiden name of his mother?
5. Did George attend any college?
6. What nobleman was his early patron?
7. Who sent him on his famous journey through the wilderness?
8. What position did he hold under Braddock?
9. Whom did he marry ?
10. How did he act when complimented first on his military services.
11. What year was he made Continental Commander-in-Chief?
12. Where did he spend the winter of 1777?
13. When was he elected President?
14. How long did he hold the presidency?
15. Did he leave children at death?
16. Where did he die?
17. Did he hold slaves?
18. Did he approve of slavery?
19. What became of his slaves after their master's death.
20. By whom was he called "First in war, first in peace, etc.?"

Answers.

1. Virginia.
2. 1732.
3. Planter.
4. Mary Ball.

5. No.
6. Lord Fairfax.
7. Governor Dinwiddie.
8. Aide-de-camp.
9. Mrs. Martha Custis.
10. Blushed, stammered and could not speak.
11. 1775.
12. Valley Forge.
13. 1789.
14. For two terms of four years each.
15. No.
16. At Mount Vernon.
17. Yes.
18. No.
19. They were set free.
20. By the House of Representatives.

COLONIAL ENTERTAINMENT PROGRAM.

RECITATIONS, TABLEAUX, TABLEAUX VIVANTS, SINGING. DANCING, ETC.

STANLEY SCHELL.

[*Small girl, in old-time costume, stands before curtain and begins entertainment by reciting following, and disappearing.*]

To-night (or to-day) we briefly will combine
Sweet scenes and songs of Colonial time.
A peep we'll take of those far-off days,
Those days at which we so love to gaze..
The mists of a century now roll away,
And Colonial time scenes before us lay.
We enter the home of a pioneer
Through the open door, and soon we hear
The buzz and hum of a spinning-wheel.

[*Curtain rises on* PRISCILLA *seated at work at spinning-wheel. She sings "Priscilla at Her Spinning" (30c.) as she works.* JOHN ALDEN *enters and offers her nosegay. Larger girl stands at one side and recites following four lines, then disappears.*]

That rosy maid, with her modest ways
Who spun her flax in Colonial days,
Was very charming and so sweet
In her homespun dress so plain and neat.

[*Curtain falls. Enter another girl who recites following two lines before curtain and disappears.*]

And now we'll turn to a later day
When Colonial maids did dance and play.

Curtain rises on "Martha Washington Tea-Party" (35c.), pantomimed by girls in Colonial costume. Curtain falls. Girl recites before curtain first and second stanzas of "The Minuet" (see page 187). Minuet music* is played during reciting of third stanza. Curtain rises, showing old-fashioned sitting-room, with sofa and chairs center of room; table with cover and work-basket. Near table, stage L., old woman in rocking-chair knitting stocking. Old woman wears lace-cap, spectacles well down on nose, plain black gown with white shawl handkerchief folded about shoulders and ends fastened front of belt. Old woman should not look at reciter, but should rock and keep on knitting.

At end of "Yet her figure is so neat" curtain falls. Reciter continues. At last word of "I can almost see her now," curtain rises on Colonial room. At each side of center are four couples (eight couples in all) bowing low and gracefully to one another. Reciter steps one side of stage and glances delightedly toward stage. Minuet music is played and couples on stage dance "The Minuet."

At end of dance, curtain falls, and reciter, standing at stage center front, recites fourth stanza. When she says "Gliding slowly forward," etc., she dances forward and back, and courtesies.

When reciter begins fifth stanza, curtain rises to waltz music; reciter steps one side. On stage, in up-to-date room, young girls, dressed as golfers, medical students, college students, etc., dance modern waltz for a few moments. Curtain falls. Reciter recites fifth stanza, and then last stanza. With last line, reciter slightly lifts skirt and dances daintily a few steps of "The Minuet," then trips off stage. Curtain falls.

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*Minuet music, directions for dancing, and illustrations of, "The Minuet," in "Little Grandmas in Grandma Land" (35c.).

Another reciter comes before curtain. Curtain rises; reciter recites "Little Martha Washington" (see page 182), pointing to picture of Martha Washington now on stage.

Curtain falls; another girl or boy takes position before curtain and recites following stanza, then disappears.

A noble form, brave, valiant, true,
With bearing grand, now comes to view,
His vision cloudless, and we see
The father of our country.
Beside him is a fair, sweet face,
A form of naught but ease and grace.
Ah! sure no other can it be
Than Martha Washington—
Love's chain most surely doth entwine
The noble hearts of Colonial time.

Curtain rises on tableau of George and Martha Washington gazing fondly at each other. George bows low over Martha's hand and kisses back of it. Curtain falls; another girl comes before curtain and recites "Ballad of Sweet P" (see "Werner's Readings No. 22"—35c.) to stanza beginning "With jest and laughter and candles bright." Curtain rises disclosing tableau described below. During whole tableau, reciter, standing at side of stage, continues reciting, telling story of tableau.

SCENE: Interior of Colonial house; large hall, old-fashioned stairway; tall, old-fashioned clock on stair-landing, stage R. Hall filled with brilliantly uniformed British officers with swords. Around them are charming Colonial maids and matrons. Sound of music in background of room. Suddenly voices hush, all eyes turn toward Penelope who comes trippingly downstairs, runs daintily among officers, who quickly circle around her. At suggestion of dancing, all cheer; officers run forward to her bowing and requesting honor of a dance. Penelope chooses gayest and handsomest officers. "La Pavanne" (description sent for 50c.) is danced. After dance, and when reciter reaches "Let each lay it

down at my feet," Penelope gets officers to lay swords at her feet. When swords are in pile, Penelope holds rose high, picking off and blowing petals, which officers try to catch. In midst of noisy scramble for petals door suddenly opens and in rush Washington and soldiers (shabbily dressed). Everything is in confusion. British officers try to take up swords, but are hindered by Penelope, who jumps before officers and over swords, covering swords with gown. Washington and soldiers, with leveled guns ready to fire, stand boldly facing British officers. Curtain falls.

Reciter comes again before curtain, recites last stanza, and disappears.

Curtain rises on "Colonial Sword March" (use "American Flag March," in "Flag-Day Program"—35c.), with swords substituted for flags. "Sabre of My Father" (in "Flag-Day Program") is sung. Those who took part in tableau take part in drill.

CURTAIN.

WASHINGTON PARTY.

INVITATION.

Colonel George and Mistress Martha
Washington
do bid thee to an assembly on
Friday, the two and twentieth day
of this year of grace,
at half after eight of the clock
No 43 East 19th Street

DECORATIONS: On walls of rooms stiff evergreen wreaths festooned with bunting and Colonial flags. For further effect, use candles only, in Colonial candlesticks.

COSTUMES: *Hostess*—Gray gown, with mob-cap, fichu, mittens, white-powered hair. *Host*—Velvet knee-breeches, buckled shoes, etc. Host stands with Hostess near door. *Guests*—Colonial costumes, white-powdered wigs

ENTERTAINMENT.

Guests sit at small tables, each of which is devoted to a different

game, as dominoes, checkers, beggar-my-neighbor, bezique, etc. Usual rules for such games are observed. Scores are kept by small red, white and blue rosettes. Holder of most rosettes at end of game gets as prize Washington photograph in silver frame.

Supper being announced, Hostess leads Guests to dining-room to music of "Liberty Bell March" (50c.).

From each corner of square table are festoons of small flags fastened with ribbons and extending to chandelier. In center of table small cherry-tree to which is fastened fruit (may be artificial), cords fastening fruit to be hidden as much as possible. Favors of small crepe-paper cocked hats decorated with tiny cockades of red, white and blue and filled with candied cherries are placed at intervals along each side of table. Supper menu may be as follows:

Cold Chicken. Olives.
Baked Beans. Cranberry Jelly.
Brown Bread.
Crullers. Washington Pie.
Coffee. Cider.

DANCE: After supper, Guests dance the Minuet, Virginia Reel, old-fashioned quadrille, etc.

CHERRY-TREE DIALOGUE.

FOR FIVE BOYS.

DECORATIONS AND COSTUMES: Chains, made of red, white and blue paper rings, hang from hook in center of ceiling to each corner of room. Stencil portrait of Washington on blackboard. Boy, in Colonial costume, greets guests at door, presents each guest with souvenir shield (made of bristol-card, upper part painted blue, lower part painted in red stripes), and directs guest to two girl ushers (in white dresses and bunting sashes) who seat guest. When all guests are seated, five boys step forward and recite as directed below.

FIRST BOY.

Say, boys, Graham is a little English boy and has never heard of George Washington until to-day.

ALL.

Never heard of George Washington!

GRAHAM.

Tell me all about him.

FIRST BOY.

When the great and good George Washington,
Was a little boy like me;
He took his little hatchet and
Chopped down a cherry-tree.

GRAHAM.

Chopped down a cherry-tree!

ALL.

Chopped down a cherry-tree!

GRAHAM.

Is that what you call being good in America? I think he was a naughty boy.

ALL.

Wait until you hear the rest.

SECOND BOY.

And when his papa called him,
He then began to cry,
"I did it, oh, I did it,
I cannot tell a lie!"

ALL.

He could not tell a lie.

GRAHAM.

Well, he was a good boy.

THIRD BOY.

His papa didn't scold him at all,
But said, "You noble youth,

I'd gladly lose ten cherry-trees
To have you tell the truth."

FOURTH BOY.

But I, myself, am not quite clear,
For if I took my hatchet
And chopped my papa's cherry-tree
Oh, wouldn't I just catch it!

ALL.

Yes, if we took our hatchet
And chopped our papa's cherry-tree,
Oh, wouldn't we just catch it!

GEORGE WASHINGTON HATCHET PARTY.

INVITATIONS.

Send invitations two weeks before party, requesting guests to appear, in Martha or George Washington costumes. (See page 111 for description of costumes.) One guest should dress as Sambo, Washington's man servant; another guest as Dinah, Martha Washington's maid.

DECORATIONS.

American colors on doors, chandeliers, pictures, mantels, etc. American flags drape portraits of George and Martha Washington. At head of room, large card with "1732-1912" (or year when party is given), painted in black. On walls cards with mottoes, as "First in the Hearts of his Countrymen," "First in War, First in Peace," "He Never Told a Lie," etc. Between cards, other cards, some lower, some higher, of successful battles, as "Trenton," "Yorktown," etc. Use as lights candles only, in brass candlesticks on mantels and about room.

HINTS TO HOSTESS.

To Prepare a Tree—Paint on large sheet a tree with deep notch near bottom, right-hand side; sheet is stretched tight and smooth

across end of room. Provide black pasteboard hatchets for all guests. Each hatchet has pin that can be fastened to sheet wherever guest presses pin. (See hatchet illustration frontispiece of this book.)

On arrival, Hostess gives each guest hatchet and requests guest to study tree. Guest is blindfolded and directed to fasten hatchet near notch in tree. After hatchet is fastened, blindfold is removed, and another guest is blindfolded; and so on until each guest has his turn. Guest that fastens hatchet nearest notch, wins first prize. Guest that fastens hatchet farthest from notch, wins booby prize.

Refreshments.

Bouillon, chicken sandwiches, olives, salted peanuts or almonds, cake iced with red, white and blue, ice cream in hatchet-cases.

Favors.

Little hatchets with ribbons. Guests fasten hatchets to coats or waists and wear them during evening. Games or dancing follows refreshments.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DINNER PARTY.

Stanley Schell.

Decorations.

Room Decorations.—See page 142 for description.

Children's Table.—Table is covered with large American flag, edges of which are decorated with smilax garlands and bunches of boxwood leaves. Bunches of cherries, with little hatchets, are tied to corners of flag. In center of table, large candelabra; at each end of table, brass candle-stick. Potted plants, decorated with American flags, at each corner of table. For flower-pots use old-fashioned red, white and blue dishes.

Adults' Table.—White table linen; national colors in four-inch satin ribbon laid side by side down center of table and across

center of table. At center of table red and white roses in large blue bowl, surrounded with low dishes of three-colored bon-bons. Candles in brass candle-sticks, with bows of red, white and blue ribbon, at corners of table. Blue dishes, white napkins with red borders and thirteen stars in corner. Name-cards with portrait of Washington at plates.

Menu.

Tomato Soup.

Celery. Radishes.

Turkey.

Cranberries. Mashed Potatoes.

Salad.

Ice Cream. Candied Cherries. Grapes.

Coffee.

Menu Hints.—Salad is made by putting lettuce leaves on bottom of dish, then a layer of small pieces of celery, then layer of slices of beets, then four eggs with blue-colored shells. Salad may also be made of red, white and blue cabbage. Ice-cream, or ices, to be in red, white and blue hatchet-shaped cases. Grapes should be red, white and blue.

Favors.

For Children.—Gilt hatchets with portrait of Washington. Bunches of cherries tied to handle with red, white and blue ribbon.

For Adults.—China or bisque Continental hats.

Dinner may be followed by dancing or playing old-fashioned games.

Costumes.

If guests appear in costumes of Washington's time, Host and Hostess should appear as George and Martha Washington respectively, or should designate two guests to wear such costumes. Those costumed as George and Martha Washington, should lead in everything, both at table, in playing games, and in dancing. Waiters, door-opener, also dressing-room maids, should be black. Maids should wear gay bandannas around heads, black dresses,

white aprons. Men waiters and door-opener should wear Continental black, or yellow dress-suits.

WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY DRILL AND TABLEAUX

For 12 Girls.

Stanley Schell.

Costumes: Red, white and blue. Girls hold three red, white and blue ribbons (each 2½ yards long).

Music: "Red, White and Blue."
[Words and music in "Flag-Day Program"—35c.]

Position: All girls in three lines, four girls in a line, holding loosely ends of ribbon in both hands and across belt, and facing audience.

Drill.

Charge up R.! R. arm up, L. hand at L. belt, back to position (8 counts).

Charge up L.! L. arm up, R. hand at belt, back to position (8 counts).

Charge both! Alternate (16 counts).

Charge front R.! R. arm out R. oblique, R. foot out R. oblique, stamp, back to position (8 counts).

Charge front L.! L. arm out L. oblique, L. foot out L. oblique, stamp, back to position (8 counts).

Charge! Salute! R. arm out R. oblique, R. foot out R. oblique, stamp, back to position, L. foot back L. oblique, ribbons across front; lower down and bow; recover (16 counts).

Tableau I.

Back four girls move close together. Other girls pass ends of ribbons to them and kneel in semicircle facing audience. Back girls remain standing and hold ribbons tight. Kneeling girls assume easy poses.

[*While tableau is held girl chorus sings "Red, White and Blue."*]

Girls on stage take position for drill.

DRILL.

Rise! Rest! Both arms up; then back to belt (8 counts).

Down! Rest! Both arms down, then back to belt (8 counts).

Alternate! (16 counts).

Charge! Out R.! R. hand and arm out straight R., then back (8 counts).

Charge! Out L.! L. hand and arm out straight L., then back (8 counts).

Charge both! Alternate (16 counts).

TABLEAU II.

Front line—Two girls move together to R., and two girls move together to L. All kneel.

Second line—One girl steps behind kneeling girls R., another girl behind kneeling girls L. Remaining two girls kneel at stage C.

Third line—One girl steps behind stage center kneeling girls; other three girls form triangle behind her. All girls hold ends of ribbons.

[*While tableau is held girl chorus sings "Red, White and Blue."*]

Girls step quickly to drill positions, while girl, dressed as Goddess of Liberty, with large American flag, enters, steps to stage center and stands.

DRILL.

Present! Girls face Goddess and stretch ribbons toward her as if asking her to take them. Back to position (8 counts).

Back Salute! Step back with L. foot and drop ribbons low in front, bow low to Goddess, then to position (8 counts).

Present! Offer ribbons to Goddess again, then back to position; look pleadingly. On sixth count, Goddess accepts ends of ribbons, and holds them (8 counts).

Drop-Salute! All bend knee (8 counts).

TABLEAU III.

With flag in front and ribbons held against flag, Goddess stands looking on girls kneeling and gazing at her.

[*Girl chorus sings "Red, White and Blue."*]

At end of chorus colored lights are thrown on tableau.. Chorus is played again, girls all rise, sing, wave ribbons, follow Goddess, who waves flag, then all skip lightly off stage.

CHILDREN'S WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY PROGRAM.

I. Salute to the Flag.
II. Washington and the Flag.
III. Washington Pictures.
IV. Washington Acrostic.
V. Washington, the Boy.
VI. Washington, the Man.
VII. Salute to Washington.

I. SALUTE TO THE FLAG.....By the School

I give my hand and my heart to my country,—one country, one language, one flag. [*Right hand, palm down, on forehead, until last words are reached, when flag is pointed at a moment.*]

II. WASHINGTON AND THE FLAG.....By 8 Pupils.

FIRST PUPIL [*holding flag in R. hand*]. This is the flag of our country.

SECOND PUPIL. It is red, white and blue.

THIRD PUPIL. Red says: Be brave.

FOURTH PUPIL White says: Be pure.

FIFTH PUPIL. Blue says: Be true.

SIXTH PUPIL Run the flags up, every one,
The old Red, White, and Blue.
All to honor Washington,
Good, and brave, and true.

SEVENTH PUPIL. The twenty-second of February is Washington's birthday.

EIGHTH PUPIL. I love the name of Washington,
I love my country, too.
I love the flag, the dear old flag,
Of red, and white, and blue.

III. WASHINGTON PICTURES .....By 5 Pupils

[*Each child holds up in turn his picture relating to Washington.*]

FIRST PUPIL. This is a picture of George Washington.

SECOND PUPIL. This is a picture of his wife.

THIRD PUPIL. This is a picture of his home.

FOURTH PUPIL. This is a picture of the Washington statue in Boston.

FIFTH PUPIL. This is a picture of the monument in Washington.

ALL. There is a picture of Washington on every two-cent stamp and on some two-dollar bills.

IV. WASHINGTON ACROSTIC .....By 11 Pupils

FIRST PUPIL. We want to be like Washington. [*Hangs up banner having ten hooks on it, one hook under the other. Other ten children in turn hang on hooks cards on which are words:* "WISE," "ACTIVE," "STRONG," "HONEST," "INDUSTRIOUS," "NEAT," "GOOD," "TRUTHFUL," "OBEDIENT," "NOBLE."]

V. WASHINGTON, THE BOY.....By 11 Pupils.

FIRST PUPIL. George Washington was born in 1732. His home was in Virginia. His first teacher was a Mr. Hobby.

SECOND PUPIL. His oldest brother, Lawrence, was a soldier. He told George many stories about soldiers.

THIRD PUPIL. George Washington liked to play soldier. He knew more about it than the other boys in Mr. Hobby's school. So he was always the captain.

FOURTH PUPIL. When George Washington was eleven years old, his father died. After that he went to Mr. Williams's school.

FIFTH PUPIL. He was very fond of horses. He was strong and fearless. He was not afraid to ride the wildest horse.

SIXTH PUPIL. He could run swiftly. He could make long jumps. He was a powerful wrestler.

SEVENTH PUPIL. He could throw farther than anyone else. Once he threw a stone across a wide river.

EIGHTH PUPIL. His brother Lawrence wanted him to go to sea as midshipman. George wanted to go, but his mother could not part with him. So he stayed at home.

NINTH PUPIL. He went to school until he was sixteen years old. He learned reading, writing, arithmetic, bookkeeping, and surveying.

TENTH PUPIL. He took great pains with all he did. His copy-books are kept in glass cases. They show that his writing was very neat.

ELEVENTH PUPIL. He wrote out fifty rules of behavior. He wanted to be a gentleman in every way.

VI. WASHINGTON, THE MAN. . . Dialogue for 8 Boys and 3 Girls

JOHN, WILLIAM.

J. How old was Washington when he became surveyor?

W. He was sixteen years old.

J. How much did he earn as a surveyor?

W. From seven to twenty-one dollars a day.

J. What kind of land did he survey?

W. Wild land.

J. What kind of life did he lead?

W. He crossed rough mountains, and rode his horse through swollen streams. He slept out of doors on a little hay. He cooked his own food.

J. How long did he lead this life?

W. Three years.
J. Then what did he become?
W. A soldier.

ROY, HERBERT.

R. Who sent Washington on a journey?
H. The Governor of Virginia.
R. What for?
H. To carry a letter to some French officers.
R. What was the letter about?
H. It told the French to keep off the English ground.
R. How long was the journey?
H. Six hundred miles, through the woods.
R. Tell me some more about the journey.
H. The weather was cold, the rivers frozen, the ground covered with snow and the paths hard to find.
R. Did he get home safely?
H. Yes, but once he was almost drowned as he was crossing a river on a raft.

ETTA, BELLA.

E. Whom did he marry?
B. Mrs. Martha Custis.
E. Where did they live?
B. At Mount Vernon.
E. Of what was he fond?
B. Hunting and fishing.
E. What did he like to do?
B. He liked to ride over his large plantation to see that everything was all right.

JOSEPH, ISAAC.

J. When did the war between England and America begin?
I. On the nineteenth of April, 1775, by a battle at Lexington.
J. What was the war about?

I. Taxes. The English taxed the Americans without asking their consent.
J. How long did the war last?
I. Eight years.
J. Who conquered?
I. The Americans.

THOMAS, BRENTON.

T. Did Washington like to be a soldier?
B. No, he would rather be a farmer.
T. When the war was over what did he do?
B. He went back to Mount Vernon.
T. Why didn't he stay there?
B. The American people wanted him to be their president.
T. How long was he President?
B. Eight years.
T. When did he die?
B. In 1799.
T. How old was he when he died?
B. He was sixty-seven years old.

MARION. When Washington was a man he was surveyor, then he was a soldier, then a farmer. After that he was a soldier again. Then he was the first President of. the United States.

VII. SALUTE TO WASHINGTON.....By the School

We honor Washington, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY EXERCISE.

FOR CHILDREN AND SCHOOL.

STAGE-SETTING: Flags, and red, white and blue bunting; portrait of Washington on wall or on easel, in conspicuous place. Whole school should take part. Several children come on

stage, hand in hand, singing following stanza ("About a Baby") to tune of "Little Drops of Water."

SONG.

We have come together,
Standing in a row;
Just because there's something
Which you ought to know.
So we're here to tell you
Of that winter's morn
When, in old Virginia,
Washington was born.

SPOKEN.

Yes, we little children
Now here come to you
To tell you about a baby
Born in seventeen thirty-two.

SCHOOL.

Who was he?

CHILDREN.

Can you ask us?
You surely know his name;
'Tis written in the hearts of men,
And on the scroll of fame.

SCHOOL.

His name we can't remember.
Were honors by him won?

CHILDREN.

Why, don't you know that baby
Was General Washington?

SONG. "His Name Can Never Die".....By the Children
[Tune: "Lightly Row."]

Years may fly!
Years may fly!
But his name can never die;

Wise and brave!
Wise and brave!
Speaks he from the grave.
Freedom that for us he won,
Whispers e'er of Washington;
While on high,
While on high,
All her banners fly.

SCHOOL. What do you know of his early days?

FIRST CHILD. I know that he was the son of Augustine and Mary Washington, and was born February 22, 1732.

CHILDREN TOGETHER.

His tender mother, bending
Above him, could not see
That baby hand would one day
Shape a nation's destiny.

SCHOOL. Where was this?

SECOND CHILD.

Down where the blue Potomac
Winds onward to the bay,
Through fields and sunny meadows,
He kept his first birthday.

SCHOOL. What kind of a boy was he?

FIRST CHILD.

As a lad I've heard that Washington
Was manly, strong, and fond of fun.

SECOND CHILD.

He could ride a horse, could swim and row,
Wrestle and run, so long ago.

THIRD CHILD.

He was never cunning, mean or sly,
And, best of all, he wouldn't lie!

SCHOOL.

Tell us more, my children,
Of his early years,

All his childish pleasures,
Boyish hopes and fears.

FOURTH CHILD. Before he was very old, his father died, and his mother had to look after the farm and take care of the children.

SCHOOL. What did Washington do?

CHILDREN.

Helped her in every way he could;
He was loving, obedient, kind, and good.

FIFTH CHILD. When he was about sixteen he wanted to be a sailor, but this made his mother so unhappy that, for her sake, he gave up all thoughts of such a life.

CHILDREN.

You may talk of your knights, like Bayard,
And tell of the deeds they've done;
But a boy who will do his duty
Is braver than every one.

SCHOOL. How did he try to acquire good habits?

SIXTH CHILD.

I've heard when Washington went to school,
To order his conduct he'd many a rule;
They smoothed his pathway when he was young,
And kept him safe temptations among.

SCHOOL. What did he study?

SEVENTH CHILD. After he gave up the idea of being a sailor, he studied surveying. A surveyor is a man who measures land. Lord Fairfax, who owned a great deal of land in Virginia, asked Washington to measure it. To do this Washington had to live in the woods.

CHILDREN.

For years, through the changing seasons,
Learning of woodland ways,
Close to the heart of nature
He lived through long, toilsome days.

SONG. "Forget Him, No Never".....By the Children

[Tune: "I'm a Little Buttercup."]

O many the years since then;
Many the years since then;
They've come and have come again;
Yet the land still rejoices,
And children's sweet voices
Are raised in his honor again.
Forget him? No, never!
His fame shall forever
Grow brighter with each passing year.
And still of his glory,
That wonderful story,
We will tell, and his name will revere.

EIGHTH CHILD. Trouble arose between France and England. Washington was sent by Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, to the French commander at Fort Duquesne.

SCHOOL. Where was that?

NINTH CHILD. It was far in the wilderness. Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, now stands there.

CHILDREN. Danger was lurking round him,
Peril on every side;
Yet on through the pathless forest
He went with an Indian guide.
And then, his mission accomplished,
Back to his home again;
Alas, that such weary journey
Should have been all in vain.

SCHOOL. Why was it in vain?

TENTH CHILD. The French commander refused to return to Canada, as the Governor ordered.

SCHOOL. What happened then?

ELEVENTH CHILD. The King of England sent soldiers to fight the French and Indians. He thought they would soon be able to drive them back to Canada.

CHILDREN.

You know how over the ocean then
Came Braddock and some of his Englishmen,
With trappings and banners, brave and gay,
Deeming the war but childish play.

They laughed with scorn at each warning word.
And then, as if they had never heard,
With jest and laughter, glad and gay,
Into the woodland marched away.

On, straight on, over quaking bog;
Over the vine-entangled log;
Marching they went, all blithe and free
Little dreaming each stump and tree,
Dark and awful, and gaunt and grim,
Hid lurking death in its shadows dim.
Till suddenly all the air was stirred
By the Indian's awful war-whoop heard;
And the forest aisles with the dead were strewn,
As autumn leaves by the wind are blown.
Their leader slain when the fight begun,
Then, faithful and brave, 'twas Washington,
Who out of the Indians' bloody hand,
Saved the remnant of Braddock's band.

THIRTEENTH CHILD. This war lasted a long time, but at last the French were driven from the country and peace was declared.

SCHOOL. What happened then?

FOURTEENTH CHILD. Not very long afterwards the people of this country began to have trouble with England, and at last war was declared between them.

FIFTEENTH CHILD. The King of England sent over a great many soldiers to make the people obey him.

SCHOOL. What did the people do?

CHILDREN.

Like the roll of distant thunder,
And the sound of rushing rain,
The measured tramp of thousands
Went echoing o'er the main.
And King George, in far-off England,—
From a nation yet to be,—
Heard in those sounds this message,
"We must and will be—free!"

SCHOOL. What do you know about this war?

SIXTEENTH CHILD. I know that at the beginning of the war Washington was made commander-in-chief of the army, and after eight years of hard fighting the Americans gained their independence.

CHILDREN. A treaty of peace was signed at Paris, September 3, 1783.

SEVENTEENTH CHILD. But there was still trouble in the land because each State had its own government, and now that they were free from English rule, there were thirteen nations, instead of but one.

SCHOOL. What was done about this?

EIGHTEENTH CHILD. At last they decided to unite under one ruler, and elected George Washington their first president.

NINETEENTH CHILD. He was inaugurated April 30, 1789.

SCHOOL. How long did he hold this office?

CHILDREN.

The years were eight. How few and brief,
They seem to count them o'er,
And then, his life work nearly done,
He sought his home once more.

SCHOOL. What more can you tell about him?

CHILDREN.

Few and sad are the words we say;
A nation mourns for her son to-day.
We listen. Alas! 'tis all in vain,—

For a voice we ne'er shall hear again;
For, honored and mourned by every one,
In his last long sleep lies Washington!

TWENTIETH CHILD. He died at Mount Vernon, December 14, 1799.

BOYS. First in war.

GIRLS. First in peace;

ALL. First in the hearts of his countrymen.

TWENTY-FIRST CHILD. In 1899 we had a centenary celebration in honor of Washington, so greatly is his name revered.

ALL.

A century numbered with the dead,
Yet truer words were never said,
And though he voiceless lies to-day,
His life shall speak to us for aye.

TWENTY-SECOND CHILD.

Forever and ever his life shall speak,
A glorious example to the weak;
And to the brave, and strong, and true
He leaves a wondrous work to do.

SONG. "Be Like Washington".....By a Girl

[Tune: "Comin' Thro' the Rye." Words and music, with directions for pantomiming "Comin' Thro' the Rye" (25c.).]

Oh, remember little children,
If, when life is done,
You would win a nation's praises,
Be like Washington.
Yes, like him, be brave and earnest,
Loyal, kind, and true;
Prompt to act, and every duty
Be ready e'er to do.

When Washington declined a military escort on the occasion of his inauguration (1789), he said: "I require no guard but the affections of the people."

QUOTATIONS

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QUOTATIONS FROM WASHINGTON'S WRITINGS

Merit rarely goes unrewarded.
—*To Bushrod Washington, Jan. 15, 1783.*

A snowball gathers by rolling.
—*To Bushrod Washington, Sept. 30, 1786.*

Precedents are dangerous things.
—*To Henry Lee, Oct. 31, 1786.*

To please everybody is impossible.
—*To John Armstrong, May 18, 1779.*

System in all things should be aimed at.
—*To George Washington Parke Custis, Jan. 7, 1798.*

Whatever is done should be well done.
—*To William Pearce, March 2, 1795.*

One request frequently begets another.
—*To Edward Carrington, Oct. 9, 1795.*

Perfection falls not to the share of mortals.
—*To John Jay, Aug. 1, 1786.*

We must take human nature as we find it.
—*To John Jay, Aug. 1, 1786.*

We are apt to run from one extreme to another.
—*To John Jay, Aug. 1, 1786.*

First impressions are generally longest remembered.
—*To Major-General Sullivan, Sept. 1, 1778.*

Men are too apt to be swayed by local prejudices.
—*To John Armstrong, April 25, 1788.*

It is not for man to scan the wisdom of Providence.
—*To Henry Knox, March 2, 1797.*

To contract new debts is not the way to pay old ones.
—*To James Welch, April 7, 1799*

It is an invidious task at all times to draw comparisons.
—*To John Adams, Sept. 25, 1798*

A free people ought not only to be armed, but disciplined.
—*From speech to Congress, Jan. 8, 1790.*

It is not the part of a good citizen to despair of the republic.
—*To the Chevalier de la Luzerne, Aug. 1, 1786.*

Liberty, when it begins to take root, is a plant of rapid growth.
—*To James Madison, March 2, 1788.*

Better it is to fight an enemy at a distance than at one's door.
—*To Governor Trumbull, Feb. 19, 1776.*

Preparations should be the sure attendant upon forewarning.
—*To Henry Lee, Sept. 22, 1788.*

From thinking proceeds speaking, thence to acting is but a single step. —*To John Jay, Aug. 1, 1786.*

The surest way to make good peace is to be well-prepared for war. —*To the President of Congress, Aug. 20, 1780.*

Economy begins partly from necessity, partly from choice and habit. —*To the Chevalier de la Luzerne, Aug. 1, 1786.*

Knowledge is in every country the surest basis of public happiness. —*From speech to Congress, Jan. 8, 1790.*

To forbear running from one extreme into another is no easy matter. —*To Gouverneur Morris, Oct. 13, 1789.*

The man who means to commit no wrong will never be guilty of enormities. —*To David Stuart, July 26, 1789.*

Lands, like other commodities, rise or fall in proportion to the quantity at market. —*To Jacob Reed, Nov. 3, 1784.*

To an active external commerce, the protection of a naval force is indispensable. —*From speech to Congress, Dec. 7, 1796.*

'Tis much easier to avoid mischiefs than to apply remedies when they have happened. —*To Jacob Reed, Nov. 3, 1784.*

Middling land under a man's own eye, is more profitable than rich land at a distance. —*To John P. Custis, July 24, 1776.*

Men in most cases are governed first by what they feel and next by what they hope.—*To the Committee of Congress, Jan. 20, 1779.*

Actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of one's friends. —*To Major-General Sullivan, Dec. 15, 1779.*

Light reading may amuse for the moment, but leaves nothing solid behind.
—*To George Washington Parke Custis, Dec. 19, 1796.*

In a free and republican government you cannot restrain the voice of the multitude.
—*To the Marquis de Lafayette, Sept. 1, 1778.*

Laws or ordinances, unobserved or partially attended to, had better never have been made.

—*To James Madison, March 31, 1787.*

If we can not learn wisdom from experience, it is difficult to say where it is to be found.

—*To Bushrod Washington, Nov. 10, 1787.*

The views or words of men can only be known or guessed at by their words or actions.

—*To Patrick Henry, Jan. 15, 1799.*

If real danger threaten the country, no young man ought to be an idle spectator of its defence.

—*To David Stuart, Dec. 30, 1798.*

Candor is not a more conspicuous trait in the character of governments than it is of individuals.

—*To Timothy Pickering, Aug. 29, 1797.*

Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men any more than fine feathers make fine birds.

—*To Bushrod Washington, Jan. 15, 1783.*

Ignorance and design are difficult to combat, the former being a fit soil for the latter to work in.

—*To John Jay, May 18, 1786.*

No punishment is too great for the man who can build his greatness upon his country's ruin.

—*To Joseph Reed, Dec. 12, 1778.*

Decency and cleanliness will always be the first object in the dress of a judicious and sensible man.

—*To George Steptoe Washington, March 23, 1789.*

The idle and foolish expressions of an individual does not by any means speak the sense of the body.

—*To the Rev. William Gordon, Aug. 2, 1779.*

Large cities have their advantages and disadvantages in fitting a man for the great theater of public life.

—*To John Augustine Washington, Jan. 17, 1783.*

People are often ruined, before they are aware of the danger, by buying everything they think they want.

—*To Antony Whiting, April 21, 1793.*

There never was a law yet made that hit the taste *exactly* of every man or every part of the community.

—*To Major-General Daniel Morgan, Oct. 8, 1794.*

Happiness depends more upon the internal frame of a person's own mind than on the externals in the world.

—*To Mrs. Mary Washington, Feb. 15, 1787.*

When assertion stands against assertion, recourse must be had to collateral circumstances to come at the truth.

—*To Henry Lee, June 30, 1792.*

Every motive of self-preservation, of liberty, and happiness, has a claim upon our efforts, and requires our aid.

—*To Governor Trumbull, Aug. 4, 1777.*

I have always considered marriage as the most interesting event of one's life, the foundation of happiness or misery.

—*To Burwell Bassett, May 23, 1785.*

Humanity will ever interfere and plead strongly against the sacrifice of an innocent person for the guilt of another.

—*To Major-General Greene, Dec. 15, 1781.*

It is easier to divert from a wrong to a right, than it is to recall the hasty and fatal steps that have already been taken.

—*To Joseph Jones, March 12, 1783.*

It is easy to make acquaintances, but very difficult to shake them off, however irksome and unprofitable they are found.

—*To Bushrod Washington, Jan. 15, 1783.*

Let your *heart* feel for the afflictions and distresses of every one, and let your hand give in proportion to your purse.

—*To Bushrod Washington, Jan. 15, 1783.*

The cause of America and liberty is the cause of every virtuous American citizen, whatever may be his religion or descent.

—*To the Inhabitants of Canada, Sept. 14, 1775.*

Imaginary wants are indefinite and oftentimes insatiable, because they sometimes are boundless and always changing.

—*To John Augustine Washington, Jan. 16, 1783.*

It is our duty to make the best of our misfortunes and not to suffer passion to interfere with our interest and the public good.

—*To Major-General Heath, Aug, 28, 1778.*

The men who oppose a strong and energetic government, are narrow-minded politicians, or are under the influence of local views. —*To Alexander Hamilton, July 10, 1787.*

A brigadier-general at the head of his brigade is no more than a colonel at the head of his regiment, except that he acts upon a larger scale. —*To the President of Congress, Aug. 7, 1776.*

We ought not to look back, unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors, and for the purpose of profiting by dear-bought experience. —*To Major-General Armstrong, March 26, 1781.*

Virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. —*From "Farewell Address to the People of the U. S.," Sept. 17, 1796.*

It is certainly as consistent with the policy of one country to discourage depopulation as it is for another to encourage immigration. —*To Henry L. Charton, May 20, 1786.*

A man may be upon the brink of a precipice before he is aware of his danger, when a little foreknowledge might enable him to avoid it. —*To Alexander Hamilton, March 4, 1783.*

To speak evil of any one, unless there is unequivocal proofs of their deserving it, is an injury for which there is no adequate reparation.

—*To George Washington Parke Custis, Oct. 15, 1796.*

To form a new government requires care and unbounded attention; for, if the foundation is badly laid, the superstructure must be bad.

—*To John Augustine Washington, May 31, 1776.*

When a people shall have become incapable of governing themselves and fit for a master, it is of little consequence from what quarter he comes.

—*To the Marquis de Lafayette, April 28, 1788.*

No pecuniary consideration is more urgent than the regular redemption and discharge of public debt; on none can delay be more injurious.

—*To House of Representatives, Dec. 3, 1793.*

Fiction is the very life and soul of poetry—all poets and poetesses have been indulged in the free and indisputable use of it, time out of mind.

—*To Mrs. Richard Stockton, Sept. 3, 1783.*

Love may and ought to be under the guidance of reason, for although we cannot avoid first impressions, we may assuredly place them under guard.

—*To Eleanor Parke Custis, June 16, 1795.*

The distinction between a well-regulated army and a mob, is the good order and discipline of the first, and the licentious and disorderly behavior of the latter.

—*To Major-General Putnam, Aug. 25, 1776.*

There is nothing that gives a man consequence and renders him fit for command, like a support that renders him independent of everybody but the state he serves.

—*To the President of Congress, Sept. 24, 1776.*

True friendship is a plant of slow growth; to be sincere there must be congeniality of temper and pursuits. Virtue and vice cannot be allied, nor can idleness and industry.

—*To George Washington Parke Custis, Oct. 15, 1796.*

It is natural for those who have passed the meridian of life and are descending into the shades of darkness to make arrangements for the disposal of the property of which they are possessed.

—*To George Augustine Washington, Oct. 25, 1786.*

The cause of virtue and liberty is confined to no continent or climate. It comprehends, within its capacious limits, the wise and good, however dispersed and separated in space or distance.

—*To the Inhabitants of Bermuda, Sept. 6, 1775.*

It has been a spectacle, displaying to the highest advantage the value of republican government, to behold the most and least wealthy of our citizens standing in the same ranks as private soldiers. —*From speech to Congress, Nov. 19, 1794.*

In the composition of the human frame there is a good deal of inflammable matter, however dormant it may lie for a time; and when the torch is put to it, that which is within you may burst into a blaze. —*To Eleanor Parke Custis, June 16, 1795.*

The militia of this country must be considered as the palladium of our security, and the first effectual resort in case of hostility. —*From address to the Governors of all the States on disbanding the Army, June 8, 1783.*

It is only in our united character as an empire that our independence is acknowledged, that our power can be regarded or our credit supported among the nations.—*From address to the Governors of all the States on disbanding the Army, June 8, 1783.*

There must be a faithful and pointed compliance on the part of every State with the proposals and demands of Congress or the most fatal consequences will ensue.—*From address to the Governors of all the States on disbanding the Army, June 8, 1783.*

The crisis is arrived when we must assert our rights, or submit to every imposition, that can be heaped upon us, till custom and use shall make us as tame and abject slaves as the blacks we rule over with such arbitrary sway.

—*To Bryan Fairfax, Aug. 24, 1774.*

Conscience seldom comes to a man's aid while he is in the zenith of health and revelling in pomp and luxury upon ill-gotten spoils. It is generally the *last* act of his life and comes too late to be of much service to others here or himself hereafter.

—*To John P. Poxey, Aug. 7, 1782.*

It is natural for young married people, who are launching into life, to look forward to a permanent establishment. If they are prudent, they will be *reasonably* solicitous to provide for those who come after and have a right to look to them for support.

—*To George Augustine Washington, Oct. 25, 1786.*

Let your judgment always balance well before you decide; and, even then, where there is no occasion for expressing an opinion, it is best to be silent, for there is nothing more certain than that it is at all times more easy to make enemies than friends.

—*To George Washington Parke Custis, Oct. 15, 1796.*

Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.—*From "Farewell Address to the People of the U. S.," Sept. 17, 1796.*

The foundation of our empire was not laid in the gloomy age of ignorance and superstition, but at an epoch when the rights of mankind were better understood and more clearly defined than at any former period.—*From address to the Governors of all the States on disbanding the Army, June 8, 1783.*

Rise early that by habit it may become familiar, agreeable, healthy and profitable. It may for a while be irksome to do this, but that will wear off, and the practice will produce a rich harvest forever thereafter, whether in public or private walks of life.

—*To George Washington Parke Custis, Jan. 7, 1798.*

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation.

—*To Bushrod Washington, Jan. 15, 1783.*

Whatever measures have a tendency to dissolve the Union or contribute to violate or lessen the sovereign authority, ought to be considered as hostile to the liberty and independence of America, and the authors of them treated accordingly.—*From address to the Governors of all the States on disbanding the Army, June 8, 1783.*

Gaming is a vice which is productive of every possible evil, equally injurious to the morals and health of its votaries. It is the child of avarice, the brother of iniquity, and the father of mischief. It has been the ruin of many worthy families, the loss of many a man's honor, and the cause of suicide.

—To Bushrod Washington, Jan. 15, 1783.

The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and alter their constitutions of government. But the constitution, which at any time exists, 'till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. *—From "Farewell Address to the People of the U. S.," Sept. 17, 1796.*

It is indispensable to the happiness of the individual States that there should be lodged somewhere a supreme power to regulate and govern the general concerns of the confederated republic without which the Union cannot be of long duration.—*From address to the Governors of all the States on disbanding the Army, June 8, 1783.*

If laws are to be so trampled upon with impunity, and a minority is to dictate to the majority, there is an end put at one stroke to republican government, and nothing but anarchy and confusion are to be expected. Some other man or society may dislike another law and oppose it with equal propriety until all laws are prostrate and every one will carve for himself.

—To Charles M. Thurston, Aug. 10, 1794.

The difference of conduct between the friends and foes of order and good government, is in nothing more striking than that the latter are always working like bees to distil their poison, whilst the former, depending oftentimes too much and too long upon the sense and good dispositions of the people to work conviction, neglect the means of effecting it.

—To Alexander Hamilton, July 29, 1795.

Let us unite in imploring the Supreme Ruler of nations to spread His holy protection over these United States; to turn the machinations of the wicked to the confirming of our Constitution; to enable us at all times to root out internal sedition and put invasion to flight; to perpetuate to our country that prosperity which His goodness has already conferred; and to verify the anticipations of this government being a safeguard to human rights.

—From speech to Congress, Nov. 19, 1794.

QUOTATIONS ABOUT WASHINGTON.

Virginia gave us this imperial man,
Cast in the massive mold
Of those high-statured ages old
Which into grander forms our metal ran;
She gave us this unblemished gentleman.
Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours, and all men's—Washington.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

There is Franklin, with his first proposal of Continental union. There is James Otis, with his great argument against Writs of Assistance, and Samuel Adams, with his inexorable demand for the removal of the British regiments from Boston. There is Quincy, and there is Warren, the protomartyr of Bunker Hill. There is Jefferson, with the Declaration of Independence fresh from his pen, and John Adams close at his side. There Hamilton and Madison and Jay bringing forward the Constitution; but, towering above them all is Washington, the consummate commander, the incomparable President, the world-renowned patriot.

—*Robert C. Winthrop.*

An Englishman by race and lineage, Washington incarnated in his own person and character every best trait and attribute that have made the Anglo-Saxon name a glory to its children and a terror to its enemies throughout the world. But he was not so much an Englishman that, when the time came for him to be so, he was not even more an American; and in all that he was and did, a patriot so exalted, and a leader so wise and great, that what men called him when he came to be inaugurated as the first President of the United States the civilized world has not since then ceased to call him—The Father of His Country.

—*Bishop Henry C. Potter.*

There is no need to argue the truism that Washington was a great man, for that is universally admitted. But it is very needful that his genius should be rightly understood, and the right understanding of it is by no means universal. His character has been exalted at the expense of his intellect, and his goodness has been so much insisted upon both by admirers and critics that we are in danger of forgetting that he had a great mind as well as high moral worth.

—*Henry Cabot Lodge.*

There is something unique in Washington's character. Most of the great men in history—the founders of religions, the lawgivers, the empire-builders—appear superhuman. In Washington, we find a man who seemed hardly above the average. He does not appear so even in the legends which cling to his memory. Yet he accomplished a work which bids fair to last to all future time. It was accomplished by a combination of unselfish virtue, of faithful attention to duty, of obedience to the dictates of humanity, combined with a manner and personality absolutely charming in its simplicity. —*Berlin National Zeitung, Dec., 1899.*

Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one, the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington
To make man blush; there was but one.

—*Lord Byron.*

With the sure sagacity of a leader of men, Washington at once selected, for the highest and most responsible stations, the three chief Americans who represented the three forces in the nation which alone could command success in the institution of the government. Hamilton was the head, Jefferson was the heart, and John Jay was the conscience. Washington's just and serene ascendancy was the lambent flame in which these beneficent powers were fused, and nothing less than that ascendancy could have ridden the whirlwind and directed the storm that burst around him. —*George William Curtis.*

The name of Washington is intimately blended with whatever belongs most essentially to the prosperity, the liberty, the free institutions, and the renown of our country. That name was of power to rally a nation, in the hour of thick-thronging public disasters and calamities; that name shone, amid the storm of war, a beacon light to cheer and guide the country's friends; it flamed, too, like a meteor to repel her foes. That name, in the days of peace, was a loadstone, attracting to itself a whole people's confidence, a whole people's love, and the whole world's respect.

—*Daniel Webster.*

To lead a people in revolution wisely and successfully, without ambition and without a crime, demands, indeed, lofty genius and unbending virtue. But to build their state,—amid the angry conflict of passion and prejudice and unreasonable apprehension, the incredulity of many, and the grave doubt of all, to organize for them and peacfully to inaugurate a complete and satisfactory government,—this is the greatest service that a man can render to mankind. But this also is the glory of Washington.

—*George William Curtis.*

If we look over the catalogue of the first magistrates of nations, whether Presidents, or Consuls, Kings or Princes, where shall we find one whose commanding talents and virtues, whose overruling good fortune have so completely united all hearts and voices in his favor? Qualities so uncommon are no common blessing to the country that possesses them. By these great qualities, and their benign effects, has Providence marked out the head of this nation, with a hand so distinctively visible as to have been seen by all men, and mistaken by none. —*John Adams.*

Hark! what song is that high swelling,
Like an anthem dropped from heaven,
Of some joyful tidings telling,
Some rich boon to mankind given?
'Tis a happy people, singing
Thanks for Freedom's victory won;
Valley, forest, mountain ringing
With one name,—great Washington.

Washington the warrior and the legislator! In war contending for the independence of his country and for the freedom of the human race; ever manifesting amidst its horrors, by precept and example, his reverence for the laws of peace and the tenderest sympathies of humanity: in peace soothing the ferocious spirit of discord among his countrymn into harmony and union; and giving to that very sword, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed, in ancient times, to the lyre of Orpheus.

—*John Quincy Adams.*

With us Washington's memory remains a national property, where all sympathies meet in unison. Under all dissensions and amid all storms of party, his precepts and examples speak to us from the grave with a paternal appeal; and his name—by all revered—forms a universal tie of brotherhood,—a watchword of our Union. —*John Fiske.*

O Washington! to thee,
Our country's Father we
Hallow this day;
Our gratitude we prove,
Singing the song you love;
Oh, join us from above—
God save our land!

—*Emma Willard.*

The peculiarity and strength of Washington's character and the key to his success is the great self-possession and calmness that enabled him to judge and to act with foresight and confidence impossible to men of equally forcible traits, who were less disciplined and self-controled. Other men have had a great military genius, more intellectual capacity, more sympathetic influence over men, but of him it is to be said, "Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." —*Rose Terry Cooke.*

Of all the great men in history, Washington was the most invariably judicious. He never acted on the impulse of an absorbing or uncalculating enthusiasm, and he valued very highly fortune, position, and reputation, but at the command of duty he was ready to risk and sacrifice them all. He was, in the highest sense of the word, a gentleman and a man of honor, and he carried into public life the severest standard of private morals.

—*William E. H. Lecky.*

For tho' the years their golden round
O'er all the lavish region roll,
And realm on realm, from pole to pole,
In one beneath thy Stars be bound,
The far-off centuries as they flow,
No whiter name than this shall know!

—*Francis T. Palgrave.*

Washington's appointments, when President, were made with a view to gather all the talent of the country in support of the national government; and he bore many things which were personally disagreeable in an endeavor to do this.

—*Paul Leicester Ford.*

For truth and wisdom, foremost of the brave;
Him glory's idle glances dazzled not;
'Twas his ambition, generous and great,
A life to life's great end to consecrate.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

Our own Washington rises to a truly heavenly stature, not when we follow him over the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton, not when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown, but when we regard him, in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown which a faithless soldiery proffered; and, at a later day, upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country while he received unmoved the clamor of the people wickedly crying for war. —*Charles Sumner.*

In other countries, whenever and wherever this country is spoken of to be praised, and with the highest praise, it is called the country of Washington. Still Washington retains his preëminent place in the minds of men, still his peerless name is cherished by them in the same freshness of delight as in the morn of its glory. —*Asher Robbins.*

He lives, ever lives in the hearts of the free,
The wings of his fame spread across the broad sea;
He lives where the banner of freedom's unfurled,
The pride of his country, the wealth of the world.
—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Washington served us chiefly by his sublime moral qualities. To him belonged the proud distinction of being the leader in a revolution, without awakening one doubt or solicitude as to the spotless purity of his purpose. By an instinct which is unerring, we call Washington, with grateful reverence, The Father of His Country. —*William E. Channing.*

It will be the duty of the historian and the sage, in all ages, to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man; and until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington!
—*Lord Brougham.*

The life of our Washington cannot suffer by a comparison with those of other countries who have been most celebrated and exalted by fame. His example is now complete, and it will teach wisdom and virtue to magistrates, citizens, and men, not only in the present age, but in all future generations, as long as our history shall be read. —*John Adams.*

Not for him an earthly crown:
He whose sword hath freed a nation,
Strikes the offered scepter down.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

The good, the brave,
Whose mighty dust in glory sleeps,
Where broad Potomac swells and sweeps,
And mourns and murmurs past his grave.

—*Abraham Coles.*

Washington was the only man in the United States who possessed the confidence of all. And it may be truly said that never did nature and fortune combined more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance.

—*Thomas Jefferson.*

Washington was not only a noble man, he was a unique man. Princes admired him, historians of all nations recorded his deeds, the poets were inspired by him, his contemporaries loved him, the later generations idolized him. To him his country owes its past, its present, its future.

—*Amsterdam Nieuws van den Dag, Dec., 1899.*

Nor must it be supposed that Washington owed his greatness to the peculiar crisis which called out his virtues. His more than Roman virtues, his consummate prudence, his powerful intellect, and his dauntless decision and dignity of character, would have made him illustrious in any age. —*William Wirt.*

He was not an orator; he was not a man of great learning; he was not a brilliant genius, but he did the things which orators and poets and historians are proud to chronicle. His strength was in himself, and he moved the world by the power of his character.

—*Thomas M. Clark, D. D.*

* * * though often told,
The story of thy deeds can ne'er grow old,
Till no young breast remains to be inspired,
And virtue, valor, greatness have expired.

—*Hannah Gould.*

The fame of Washington stands apart from every other in history, shining with a truer lustre and more benignant glory. To act justly was his instinct, to promote the public weal his constant effort, to deserve the affection of good men his ambition.

—*Washington Irving.*

Love of country in him was invested with the sacred obligation of a duty; and from the faithful discharge of this duty he never swerved for a moment, either in thought or deed, through the whole period of his eventful career. —*Jared Sparks.*

Shortest month of all, we greet thee;
Bring us clouds or bring us sun,
Surely all will bid thee welcome,
Month that gave us Washington!

—*Emma C. Dowd.*

The majesty of that life—whether told in the pages of Marshall or Sparks, of Irving or Bancroft, or through the eloquent utterances of Webster, or Everett, or Winthrop, or the matchless poetry of Lowell, or the verse of Byron—never grows old.

—*Chief Justice Melville Fuller.*

His work well done, the leader stepped aside,
Spurning a crown with more than kingly pride,
Content to wear the higher crown of worth,
While time endures, "First Citizen of Earth."

—*James J. Roche.*

We have produced a Washington, whose memory will be adored while liberty shall have a votary, whose name shall triumph over time, and will in future ages assume its just place among the most celebrated worthies of the world.

—*Thomas Jefferson.*

Men are beginning to feel that Washington stands out, not only as the leading American, but as the leading man of the race. Of men not named in Sacred Scripture, more human beings this day know and honor the name of George Washington than that of any other of the sons of men. —*Charles F. Deems.*

The sword of Washington! It was never drawn except in defence of the public liberty. It was never sheathed, until a glorious and triumphant success returned it to the scabbard without a stain of cruelty or dishonor upon its blade. It was never surrendered except to that country which bestowed it.

The grandest, purest, best,
Of heroes, earth has known,
That man who for his country's sake,
Spurned from him crown and throne.

—*C. G. Rosenburg.*

He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings down
To change them for a regal vest, and don a kingly crown.
Fame was too earnest in her joy, too proud of such a son,
To let a robe and title mask her noble Washington.

—*Eliza Cook.*

Washington's integrity was most pure, his justice most inflexible; no motives of interest, or consanguinity, or hatred being able to bias his decision. He was, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. —*Thomas Jefferson.*

Washington hath left
His awful memory
A light for after times.

—*Robert Southey.*

His memory is first and most sacred in our love, and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and of might.

—*Rufus Choate.*

The mighty name of Washington
Is the grand synonym of all we prize
Of great and good in this wide western world.

—*Christopher P. Cranch.*

When the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm and cheer every American breast. —*Rufus Choate.*

Never can we fully appreciate the merits of a Washington who, with but a handful of undisciplined yeomanry, triumphed over a royal army, and prostrated the Lion of England at the feet of the American Eagle. —*William Henry Harrison.*

The anniversary of his birthday does not come round too often for us to devote some hour of it, whenever it returns, to meditation upon him and to gratitude for his spirit and his work.

—*Thomas Starr King.*

The more clearly Washington's teaching and example are understood, the more faithfully they are followed, the purer, the stronger, the more glorious will this Republic become.

—*Carl Schurz.*

Sincerely honoring him, we cannot become indifferent to those great principles of human freedom, consecrated by his life, and by the solemn act of his last will and testament.

—*Charles Sumner.*

The filial love of Washington for his mother is an attribute of American manhood, a badge which invites our trust and confidence and an indispensable element of American greatness.

—*Grover Cleveland.*

All the good, whether learned or unlearned, high or low, rich or poor, feel this day that there is one treasure common to us all, and that is the fame and character of Washington.

—*Daniel Webster.*

Freedom's first and favorite son—
He whose patriotic valor universal homage won—
He who gave the world the Union—the immortal Washington!

—*Francis DeHass Janvier.*

In the war of the Revolution, when it was thought the cause was lost, men became inspired at the very mention of the name of George Washington. —*General Horace Porter.*

His great fame rests on the solid foundation that while he was careful to avoid doing wrong to others, he was prompt and decided in repelling wrong. —*John C. Calhoun.*

Oh, Washington! thou hero, patriot, sage,
Friend of all climes and pride of every age!

—*Thomas Paine.*

His memory will be cherished by the wise and good of every nation, and truth will transmit his character to posterity in all its genuine lustre. —*John Jay.*

Washington—a fixed star in the firmament of great names, shining without twinkling or obscuration, with clear, steady, beneficent light. —*Daniel Webster.*

A pure and high-minded gentleman, of dauntless courage and stainless honor, simple and stately of manner, kind and generous of heart. —*Henry Cabot Lodge.*

Washington is the mightiest name of earth, long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Among a world of dreamers he was the only one whose vision in the slightest degree approached the great realities of the future.

—*Edward Everett Hale.*

While we commend the character and example of Washington to others, let us not forget to imitate it ourselves.

—*R. C. Winthrop.*

The voice of mankind shall ascend in acclaim,
And the watchword of nations be Washington's name.

—*James G. Brooks.*

No nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life.

—*John Richard Green.*

Washington's name has sunk deep into the hearts of mankind, It is continually whispering lessons of patriotism and of virtue.

—*J. J. Crittenden.*

The universal consent of mankind accords to Washington the highest place among the great men of the race.

—*George F. Hoar.*

Columbia's darling son,
The good, the great, the matchless Washington.

—*William Leggett.*

Here indeed is a character to admire and revere; a life without a stain, a fame without a flaw.

—*William Makepeace Thackeray.*

George Washington—the highest human personification of justice and benevolence. —*William H. Seward.*

I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a good boy. —*Mary Washington, his mother.*

He had every title at command, but his first victory was over himself. —*Gouverneur Morris.*

He was invested with a glory that shed a lustre on all around him. —*Archbishop John Carroll.*

Washington—the ideal type of civic virtue to succeeding generations. —*James Bryce.*

He was great as he was good; he was great because he was good. —*Edward Everett.*

First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen.

—*Henry Lee.*

Of all great men he was the most virtuous and most fortunate.

François Guizot.

Washington is to my mind the purest figure in history.

—*William Ewart Gladstone.*

Washington—the greatest man of our own or of any age.

—*Edward Everett.*

In this world the seal is now put on his greatness.

—*Alexander Hamilton.*

One of the greatest captains of the age.

—*Benjamin Franklin.*

The greatest man of modern times.

—*Sir Henry Grattan.*

WRITS OF ASSISTANCE.

JAMES OTIS.
[1725-1783.]

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONORS: I was desired by the court to consider the question concerning the Writs of Assistance. I have considered it. I appear not only in obedience to your order, but likewise in behalf of the inhabitants of this town, and out of regard to the liberties of the subject. I was solicited to argue this case as Advocate-General; and, because I would not, I have been charged with desertion from my office. I renounced that office, and I argue this cause with the greater pleasure, as it is in favor of British liberty, at a time when we hear the greatest monarch on earth declaring from his throne that he glories in the name of Briton, and that the privileges of his people are dearer to him than the most valuable prerogatives of his crown. I argue in opposition to a kind of power, the exercise of which in former periods of history cost one King of England his head and another his crown.

The writ prayed for in this petition is illegal. It is a power that places the liberty of every man in the hands of every petty officer. I admit that special Writs of Assistance, to search special places, may be granted to certain persons on oath; but I deny that the writ now prayed for can be granted.

In the first place, the writ is universal, being directed "to all and singular justices, sheriffs, constables, and all other officers and subjects;" so that, in short, it is directed to every subject in the King's domains. Every one with this writ may be a tyrant, who may control, imprison, or murder any one within the realm. In the second place, it is perpetual; there is no return. A man is accountable to no person for his doings. Every man may reign secure in his petty tyranny, and spread terror and desolation around him. In the third place, a person with this writ, in the daytime, may enter all houses, shops, etc., at will, and command

all to assist him. Fourthly, by this writ not only deputies, etc., but even their menial servants, are allowed to lord it over us.

Now, one of the most essential branches of English liberty is the freedom of one's house. A man's house is his castle; and, whilst he is quiet, he is as well guarded as a prince in his castle. The writ, if it should be declared legal, would totally annihilate this privilege. Custom-house officers may enter our houses when they please. Their menial servants may enter, may break locks, bars, and everything in their way; and whether they break through malice or revenge, no man, no court can inquire. Bare suspicion without oath is sufficient. Every person has this power as well as the custom-house officers. What a scene does this open! Every man, prompted by revenge, ill-humor or wantonness to inspect the inside of his neighbor's house, may get a writ of assistance. Others will ask it from self-defence; one arbitrary exertion will provoke another, until society be involved in tumult and in blood!

Again, these writs are not returned. Writs, in their nature, are temporary things. When the purposes for which they are issued are answered, they exist no more; but these live forever; no one can be called to account. Thus reason and the constitution are both against this writ.

I cheerfully submit myself to every odious name for conscience's sake. Let the consequences be what they will, I am determined to proceed. This Writ of Assistance appears to me the worst instrument of arbitrary power, the most destructive of English liberty and the fundamental principles of law, that ever was found in an English law-book, and I declare that, to my dying day, I will oppose, with all the powers and faculties God has given me, all such instruments of slavery and villainy.

In speech, the orator and sage; in deed, the gentle man and true;
In peace, a sunbeam to pursue; in war, the leader of his age.
A model of the olden time, a model for our own compeers;
And ever stately and sublime, a model for all coming years.

—*Margherita Arlina Hamm.*

SPEECH BEFORE VIRGINIA CONVENTION.

["Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death."]

PATRICK HENRY.
[1736-1799.]

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, What means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find that have not been already exhausted? Let us not,

I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we

were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace, but there is no peace. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS.

[Before Battle of Long Island, 1776.]

The time is near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses are to be pillaged and destroyed and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or die. Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and, if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous before the whole world. Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us, and we shall have their blessings and praises if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them.

Let us, therefore, animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth. Liberty, property, life and honor are all at stake. Upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, children and parents expect safety from us only; and they have every reason to believe that heaven will crown with success so just a cause.

The enemy will endeavor to intimidate us by show and appearance; but, remember, they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad—their men are conscious of it; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantages of works and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive, wait for orders and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

LITTLE MARTHA WASHINGTON.

MRS. ROYAL A. BRISTOL.

This Lady, Martha Washington,
  Was once a little girl
With dimpled cheeks and blushes,
  And golden hair in curl.

She never had a hatchet,
  She never cut a tree,
But was full of fun and frolic,
  Just a little girl like me.

Wore a puckered satin petticoat,
  Breast knots gay, and dainty caps,
Dropped a courtesy to her mamma,
  [*Courtesy right.*]
  Courtesied deep to Lord Fairfax.
  [*Courtesy left.*]

Thus she grew up like a flower,
In her lovely southern home,
Played and sang with piccaninnies,
Played the spinet, danced and sung.

Cocked her head up like a birdie,
Laughed like brooklet in the sun,
"When I grow to be a lady,
[*Courtesy left.*]
I shall wed George Washington!"
[*Courtesy right.*]

OUR WASHINGTON.

ELIZA W. DURBIN.

O son of Virginia, thy mem'ry divine
Forever will halo this country of thine.
Not hero alone in the battle's wild strife,
But hero in ev'ry detail of thy life.
So noble, unselfish, heroic, and true,
A God-given gift to thy country were you;
And lovingly, tenderly guarding thy shrine,
Columbia points proudly and says, "He is mine."

Thy courage upheld us, thy judgment sustained,
Thy spirit stood proof when discouragement reigned,
Thy justice unerring all bias withstood,
Thy thought never self but thy loved country's good.
And thy country will never, till time is no more,
Cease to cherish the sleeper on yon river's shore;
And ev'ry fair daughter and ev'ry brave son
She'll tell of the greatness of her Washington.

O hero immortal! O spirit divine!
What glory eternal, what homage is thine!
Forever increasing will be thy renown,
With the stars of Columbia that gleam in thy crown.
The God who guards liberty gave thee to earth,
Forever we'll honor the heaven-sent birth.
E'en heaven itself has one gladness the more
That our hands shall clasp thine on eternity's shore.

Then sleep, sweetly sleep, by the river's calm run,
Thy fame will live on in the land thou hast won,
To Potomac's soft music then slumber serene,
The spirit of freedom will keep the spot green;
And so long as time echoes the hour of thy birth,
We will pay loving tribute and praise to thy worth,
And pledge to keep spotless the freedom you gave
And the land that is hallowed by Washington's grave.

SHE DANCED WITH WASHINGTON.

ELVIRA SNYDER MILLER.

With powdered locks and brocade gown,
Fair as a young rose just a-blow,
From out a picture she looks down—
My sweet coquette of long ago.

Ere time her beauty could dispel,
Or dim the dark eye's dancing light,
Love's art immortalized this belle
Who danced with Washington one night.

The town was glad with laugh and song,
The streets and windows all agleam
While in the ball-room vast and long
Awoke the music's witching dream.

Rare gems and orders glistened there
On velvet coats and breasts of snow,
While o'er the wide floor waxed and bare
The stately throngs passed to and fro.

Old men who laid stern cares aside
And jested like gay youths once more,
The dowagers in stately pride
Trailed their stiff brocades o'er the floor.

For war had put his sword away
And roses masked his horrid frown;
And love and life kept holiday
Within that little eastern town.

The Frenchmen who had brought us aid
Across the ocean's stormy waters,
Now, as the lutes and viols played,
Led out our Continental daughters.

And Washington stood by to see
The grace and joyance of the dance;
He praised the minstrel's melody,
And smiled response to every glance.

And she was there, this sweet coquette,
Brave in rich silks and ribbons gay,
Fair as a young rose newly wet
With heaven's own dew at break af day.

Yes; she was there. She smiled, she frowned
Upon her suitors—every one—
Who gathered eagerly around
Like Aztecs worshiping the sun.

One held her glove, and one her fan,
One followed madly where she led,
One deemed himself a happy man
To win her smile, but soon it fled.

At last when every heart was sore,
  Yet, in its madness did adore her,
Across the wide and polished floor
  Came Washington and bowed before her

Ah, then the music sweeter grew,
  The little April notes seemed laughing,
And, in an instant, 'ere she knew
  The last sweet bit of idle chaffing—

Her gallant partner led her out,
  Her long train rustling soft behind her,
While all the minstrels thronged about
  As if with music to enwind her.

But no! 'Twas not for them to play
  The strains when love and valor met;
The gallant Frenchmen took away
  Their instruments. Ah, minuet!

So sweetly played each son of France
  Bent o'er the strings and swept them light;
They played for beauty's self to dance
  With Washington that night.

I think I hear the silvery notes,
  And see the gay musicians stand
In buckled shoes and velvet coats,
  The light bow in each jeweled hand.

I see the General's powdered head
  Bend o'er her gloved hand small and thin,
While—as the minuet they tread—
  He bows to her, she smiles on him.

Perchance now, as her eyes look down
  Upon the careless passer-by
Her thoughts are of that eastern town,
  And of the vanished revelry.

Oh, cruel time! to treat amiss
A face so radiantly bright;
And of her history leave but this:
"She danced with Washington one night."

THE MINUET.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

Grandma told me all about it,
Told me so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced—my grandma danced—long ago;
How she held her pretty head—
How her dainty skirt she spread—
How she turned her little toes—
Smiling little human rose—long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny!
Really quite a pretty girl—long ago!
Bless her! why she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet—long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stocking
(Every girl was taught to knit—long ago);
Yet her figure is so neat,
And her way so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow—long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk—long ago.

No; they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place;
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly courtesying back again—long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys I mean, of course—long ago.

Bravely modest, grandly shy,
What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet—long ago?

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore—long ago.

In time to come, if I, perchance,
Should tell my grandchild of *our* dance,
I should really like to say,
"We did it, dear, in some such way—long ago."

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

When Washington was president,
He saw full many an icicle;
But never on a railroad went,
And never rode a bicycle.
He read by no electric lamp,
Nor heard about the Yellowstone;
He never licked a postage stamp,
And never saw a telephone.
His trousers ended at the knees,
By wire he could not send dispatch;
He filled his lamp with whale-oil grease,
And never had a match to scratch.
But in these days, it's come to pass,
All work is with such dashing done—
We've all those things; but then, alas!
We seem to have no Washington.

GEORGE'S CHERRY-TREE.

AMANDA WALDRON.

Oh, the little cherry-tree was a rustler!
Its leaves danced and twinkled in the breeze;
And it wore its blossoms white,
And its cherries, coral-bright,
Like a little crowned queen among the trees.

Oh, the little cherry-tree was a hustler!
It grew like a daisy in the sun;
It lifted up its head,
And it spread and it spread,
Until George cut it down just for fun.

Now the little cherry-tree is a teacher,
And its scholars are the people of the land;
It teaches truth and pluck
Must forever bring good luck,
And it shouts the lesson out to beat the band;

And the little cherry-tree is a preacher,
Preaching sermons with the hatchet for a text.
"God and nature"—so it speaks—
"Hate the liars and the sneaks;
They're not wanted in this world nor in the next."

So the little cherry-tree is immortal;
For centuries its fruit shall glitter red;
Trees that round it used to grow
Turned to sawdust long ago,
But this fellow rises yearly from the dead.

Oh, little cherry-tree, by the portal
Of Fame's historic temple you are set!
And because you had to die
Just to teach us not to lie,
You're a martyr, and we'll canonize you yet!

GEORGE AND HIS HATCHET.

MARK TWAIN.

The story about George Washington and his little hatchet has been suggested to me as if I needed some of George Washington and his hatchet in my constitution. Why, dear me, they overlook the real point in that story. The point is not the one that is usually suggested, and you can readily see that.

The point is not that George said to his father, "Yes, father, I cut down the cherry-tree, I can't tell a lie," but that the little boy—only seven years old—should have his sagacity developed under such circumstances. He was a boy wise beyond his years. His conduct then was a prophecy of later years. Yes, I think he was the most remarkable man the country ever produced—up to my time, anyway.

George was keen enough to realize that circumstantial evidence was against him. He knew that his father would know from the size of the chips that no full-grown hatchet cut that tree down and that no man would have haggled it so.

Now, then, George—little George—knew that everything was against him; he knew that his father would send around the plantation and inquire for a small boy with a hatchet and he had the wisdom to come out and confess it. Now, the idea that his father was overjoyed when he told little George that he would rather have him cut down one thousand cherry-trees than tell a lie is all nonsense. What did he really mean? Why, that he was absolutely astonished that he had a son who had a chance to tell a lie and didn't.

I admire old George—if that was his name—for his discernment. He knew when he said that his son couldn't tell a lie that he was stretching it a good deal. The way the old George Washington story goes down it doesn't do anybody any good. It only discourages people who can tell a lie.

BOY'S WASHINGTON COMPOSITION.

EMMA C. DOWD.

"I wish my composition was done!
What shall I write about Washington?"

THE COMPOSITION.

First there's the jolly old chimney-sweep,
Washington Wesley Lincoln Keep;
He is black, but one of the nicest men!
I wish our chimney'd get foul again!
Then there's Washington, up in the north of the State,
Where I went last summer with Lou and Kate
To visit an uncle I never had seen,
And 'most got hurt in the mowing machine.
Then there's Washington Avenue, right in this town;
A boy in our school lives there—Tom Brown.
And a railroad train that you've seen, I guess,
They call it the Washington fast express.
The President lives in Washington, too—
Not the one where I went with Kate and Lou;
It's bigger, I think, though I'm not very sure,
But it's where folks go on their wedding-tour.
Then, let me see, there's a Western State
Called Washington—and it must be great!
I believe their summer comes early in spring—
I'd just like to see that sort of thing!
And O, there's another I 'most forgot,
George Washington, who fought a lot,
A long time ago, in a war they had
When my great-great-grandpa was only a lad.

"There! my composition is done,
And that's all I know about Washington!"

1732--Washington--1799

THE defender of his country—the founder of liberty—the friend of man. History and tradition are explored in vain for a parallel to his character.

In the annals of modern greatness he stands alone; and the noblest names of antiquity lose their luster in his presence. Born the benefactor of mankind, he united all the qualities necessary to an illustrious career.

Nature made him great; he made himself virtuous.

Called by his country to the defense of her liberties, he triumphantly vindicated the rights of humanity, and on the pillars of national independence laid the foundations of a great republic.

Twice invested with Supreme Magistracy by the unanimous vote of a free people, he surpassed in the Cabinet the glories of the field, and, voluntarily resigning the scepter and the sword, retired to the shades of private life.

A spectacle so new and so sublime was contemplated with the profoundest admiration, and the name of Washington, adding new luster to humanity, resounded to the remotest regions of the earth.

Magnanimous in youth, glorious through life, great in death. His highest ambition, the happiness of mankind. His noblest victory, the conquest of himself.

Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his fame, and building his monument in the hearts of his countrymen, he lived the ornament of the eighteenth century; he died regretted by a mourning world.